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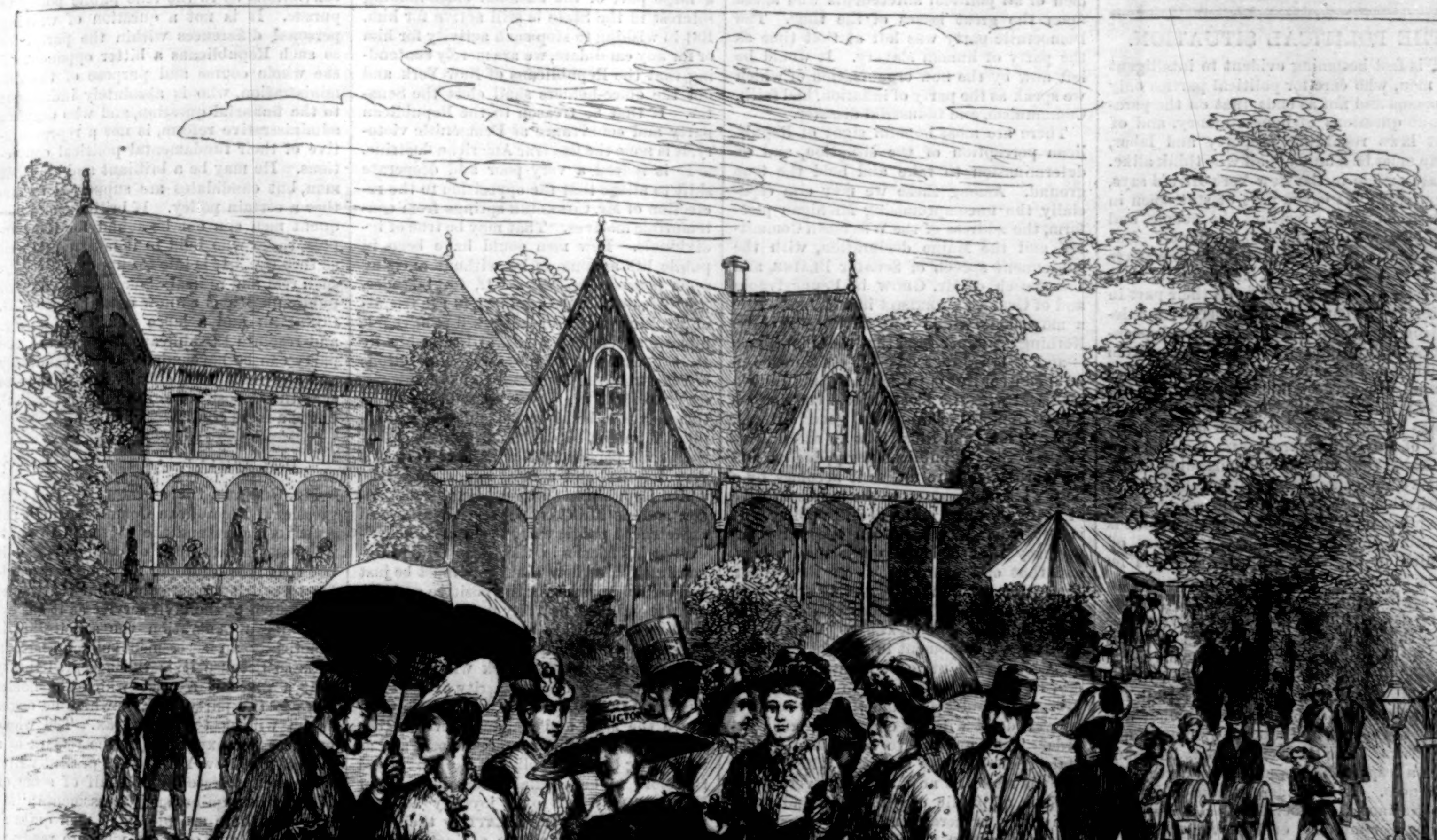

DOWN BY THE SEA—FERRY OVER WESLEY LAKE, OCEAN GROVE.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 694.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 31, 1878.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains several interesting views of the Island of Cyprus, and other attractions.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

It is fast becoming evident to intelligent men, who care for political parties only as means and not as ends, that on the paramount questions of honest money, and of just laws regarding property and labor, there must be a union of all who think alike. A late article in the New York *Herald* says, very truly: "It is the part of statesmen in a free country to instruct the people, and not basely to submit to ignorance. But most of our prominent politicians nowadays think it of greater importance to fight over the election of 1876 than to do their part in restoring the country to prosperity, and defeating the efforts of demagogues and speculators to fling it back into the misery from which it is just emerging." The man who is really in earnest must look beyond the party platforms to the convictions and tendencies behind them, to decide which is the way of safety and progress. But it is remarkable that upon the commanding issues that we have mentioned neither of the great parties has as yet taken a united and definite position. The platform in each State is valuable only as showing the current of opinion in that community. There is no declaration upon the subject common to all the States, while the attempt to make something else peculiarly prominent only emphasizes the want of unity upon this essential point. This diversity, however, is very much less evident in the Democratic than in the Republican party, and it is therefore to the latter that the friends of honest money and of just property and labor laws must hopefully turn. The Democratic party has made even a respectable stand only in a very few instances. It is evidently conscious that the Nationals, or Socialists, or Greenbackers, or Communists, or however they may be called, are largely drawn from its ranks, and it fears to alienate their support. No unprejudiced man would deny that the danger of breaking the public faith, of fatally tampering with the currency, of mischievous legislative experiments regarding labor and property, and of consequently checking and destroying the prospect of renewed industrial activity and prosperity, is incalculably greater under Democratic than under Republican ascendency, even as parties are now constituted.

Yet the Republican party is seriously divided. Thus the difference upon the whole subject of the finances between the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* and the Boston *Advertiser*, both Republican, is as decided as between the Republican New York *Times* and the Democratic Cincinnati *Enquirer*. The *Inter-Ocean* says, frankly, that it proposes to fight within the Republican party to make it a Greenback party. It quotes the Republican platform of 1868:

> "We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime; and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the uttermost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter, but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted."

And also that of 1876:

> "In the first act of Congress signed by President Grant the national government assumed to remove any doubts of its purpose to discharge all just obligations to the public creditors, and 'solemnly pledged its faith to make provision at the earliest practicable period for the redemption of the United States notes in coin.' Commercial prosperity, public morals, and national credit demand that this promise be fulfilled by a continuous and steady progress to specie resumption."

It adds, triumphantly, that since then a change has taken place in the party feeling, and quotes the declaration of the Illinois Republican Convention:

> "We are also opposed to any further contraction of the greenback currency.... We are in favor of such currency being received for import duties, and we deprecate the defeat of the recent bill for that purpose by the Democratic House of Representatives."

The *Inter-Ocean* concludes that "this change having begun, and the reasons in its favor being convincing, it may be expected to increase until it shall become the settled policy of the Republican party." And it begs the Greenback Republicans not to withdraw from the party, but to remain and control it. It is obvious that as this question is of the most pressing importance, and as there is no middle ground, as there was none between the extension and the non-extension of slavery, the Republican party, like the Democratic, will either yield to this control or become the party of honest money, of the national faith, and of just and wise economical legislation. In the former case the party would lose the friends of such honest money and legislation. In the latter, they would become the party, and while those who hold with the *Inter-Ocean* would of course withdraw, as General Butler has already done, their places would be supplied from the Democratic party, as the Free-soil Democrats in New York took the place of the Silver-gray Whigs in the new party of 1855. The result would be really a reorganization of parties, made, as in 1855, of men of all political antecedents who agree upon the great issues of the time. The Democratic party was left at that time as the party of human slavery. It would be left now by the new organization of which we speak as the party of inflation, bad faith, Communism, and industrial disaster.

There are most hopeful signs of Republican perception of the situation, and of determination to take and hold the true ground. Among these we may cite especially the uncompromising Michigan platform, the address of the Wisconsin Committee, and the Maine declaration, with the subsequent speech of Senator Blaine, and the speech of Mr. Grow in Pennsylvania and of General Harrison in Indiana. It is a movement which will advance rapidly. Nothing is plainer than that the sole chance—and it is a great one—of continued Republican control is to make Republicanism identical with the most earnest convictions and the moral courage of good citizens. After so long and illustrious an ascendency as that of the Republican party, decline and overthrow are sure unless it becomes, by a happy fortune, once more the representative of living opinions and a definite policy. It is not enough to maintain the party supremacy that it is no worse than others, and that others are no better than itself. That is no reason for supporting any party. Politics are something more than a choice between a rascal and a knave. We are confronted at this moment in this country with questions of the utmost significance to society, to labor, to property, to the national prosperity and good name. They can not be well dealt with by charlatans and cowards. They are not to be evaded by the stale tricks of false alarms. When an assault is made, as now, upon the very foundations of public credit and of industrial activity, it is mere treachery to attempt to divert attention and resistance by crying that probably another assault may be made in another quarter. Payment of the public debt according to the letter and the spirit of the contract, an honest currency based on the recognized money of the world, an equally honest and thorough treatment of the labor question, with a radical change in the administrative system that breeds political corruption—these are the questions that intelligent men know to be paramount, and to these parties must conform, or new organizations will supersede them.

THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.

The personal aspect of the contest in New York, which surprises and disgusts observers in other States, is very intelligible to those who care to understand it. There is a decided Republican opposition to the re-election of Senator Conkling, on grounds which we will presently state, but his friends have constantly and truculently declared that if the Republicans carried the State, he should be his own successor despite all opposition. The national patronage in the State, which is very great, has been ruthlessly devoted to that purpose, and the State organization of the party is largely in his interest. There were heavy odds in his favor, in the ordinary management of politics, and there was no conspicuous candidate around whom the opposition naturally rallied. With the game, so to speak, in their hands, the Conkling interest cried aloud for peace and harmony, maintenance of the situation and unquestioning acquiescence in the Senator's re-election being regarded as "harmony," while to insist that there should be a free election, unbribed by patronage, was to break the peace and connive at Democratic victory. If his friends will pardon the expression, with the aces up their sleeves they insisted that no personalities ought to disfigure the canvass, that Republican brethren should dwell together in unity, and that the Republicans of New York, having harmoniously carried the State, could then fraternally confer upon a proper candidate for the Senate. This would have been most plausible except for those aces distinctly visible in the sleeve. The pretense was, however, hardly worth while. Nothing has been gained either at home or abroad by pretending to conceal the fact that the declarations of Mr. Conkling's friends have made his re-election the chief issue in the State election of this year, and their excessive wrath and unmeasured abuse of the Administration are due to a fear that it may have deranged some of the calculations. But why? If, as they scornfully assert, and as may be true, he is the choice of nine-tenths of the Republicans of New York, it is not necessary that office-holders should pack primaries and overawe conventions in his interest, and how has the Administration injured his chances by insisting upon free elections? How would re-election by the influence of the Custom-house, as the phrase is, prove that nine-tenths of the Republicans of New York preferred him as a candidate? We know, of course, that a large part of the national office-holding interest in the State is still active for him. But in wishing to stop such activity for him or for any candidate, we are merely contending that the Republicans of New York and not the office-holders shall elect the Senator. If that be treason to the Republican party and connivance at Democratic victory, it is none the less true American doctrine.

It is indeed a very poor and desperate shift to allege that the opposition to the re-election of Mr. Conkling springs from contemptible motives. That may be true of individuals. Few men could have been in public life so long as he without exciting some personal hostility. If, for instance, the opposition were confined to the friends of Mr. Fenton, who is supposed to have felt himself superseded in State leadership by Mr. Conkling, or to those whose ambitions Mr. Conkling is supposed to have thwarted, or to those who are supposed to imagine themselves to be his rivals and to desire his place, it might be dismissed as merely factional and personal. But as New York is a very doubtful and a most important State, which Republican division is sure to endanger, and as Mr. Conkling is an able and experienced public man, it ought to be evident to his friends in the State and to Republicans elsewhere that there must be just and serious reasons for the positive and resolute Republican hostility to his re-election. We can but indicate some of those reasons. There is, in the first place, a very large body of Republicans in New York who not only confide in the perfect integrity of the President and the cabinet, but who sincerely approve the aims and general course of the Administration as wise and patriotic, and as indicating the true policy of the party, and therefore to be cordially sustained. But Mr. Conkling not only joyfully adopted the gross insults of Mr. Platt to the President and members of the cabinet—insults unparalleled in any party Convention to its own Administration—but he is publicly reported, in a manner to draw the attention of the whole country, to have said that he believed when the entire truth of the Louisiana business was known, it would sink the President and the Administration to the lowest depth of infamy. This report he has not thought fit to deny, and the wholesale and contemptuous condemnation of the Administration as reported is perfectly consistent with the tone of his speech at Rochester and with his conduct in the Senate. How can those who honestly approve the general course and convictions of the Administration honestly support its bitterest enemy as Senator? Again, the question of the finances is not only of supreme importance, but it must be dealt with in the frankest, boldest, and most vigorous manner. The opinion of New York upon that subject is not doubtful. Republican opinion is unanimous. Senator Conkling voted to sustain the President's veto, but while his Democratic colleague spoke ably and well for his State, his own silence and inaction totally misrepresented and to that degree betrayed the conviction and the just expectation of the Republican friends of a sound financial system. In the Senate upon that question the Democratic Senator, Mr. Kernan, more truly represented Republican New York than Mr. Conkling. It is evident that the question must be met promptly and decisively by the Republican party, but the local organ of Mr. Conkling declares that "it is not safe or wise to make the finances a party question." How can men who are in thorough earnest, and who think that it is the paramount public concern, honestly support a candidate for the Senate, in which the wrong view will be strongly represented, who has proved his supreme indifference to the subject? Once more, a vigorous and effective correction of the abuses of official patronage is held by many Republicans to be indispensable for the prevention of dangerous political corruption. It is an evil long known, and now of threatening magnitude. It is an abuse more completely organized in the State of New York than any where else, and Mr. Conkling is the head of the organization. How can those who think that the abuse should be corrected with the co-operation of Congress honestly support for Senator a candidate who thinks such reform ridiculous?

There are no more important subjects upon which legislative action is likely to be taken than those that we have mentioned. They are the commanding questions of the hour, and there is a large and intelligent body of Republicans in New York who can not honestly support a candidate who either is opposed to them upon these questions or who is indifferent. They seek a representative in the Senate who is more in accord with their views than Mr. Conkling. The great mass of them have no personal feeling about him, because they do not know him. They have no "grudges" against him to gratify, but they have strong convictions as to the true public policy to pursue. It is not a question of waiving personal differences within the party, for to such Republicans a bitter opponent of the whole course and purpose of the Administration, who is absolutely indifferent to the financial question, and who despises administrative reform, is not a representative of their fundamental political convictions. He may be a brilliant and eloquent man, but candidates are supported to further a certain policy. If brilliant and eloquent men can not be found for the purpose, those who hold to it must do as well as they can. It is idle to suppose that, with such real and radical differences upon great public questions as now exist between Mr. Conkling and a large number of sincere and resolute Republicans in New York, the party can be harmonized by his candidacy and election. It is equally idle to suppose that the opposition is not real and radical, but is a mere ebullition of spleen.

POLITICAL ASSESSMENT.

Mr. Gorham, the secretary of the Congressional Republican Committee, does not seem to understand the objection to political assessments upon office-holders. It is not that it is improper for a party committee to solicit subscriptions, but that under the system of the civil service as it has existed for a generation the solicitation is practically an assessment under coercion. It is so because it is the accepted theory that a place is a prize which the holder owes to the party, and for which he ought to be willing to pay a tax. The whole business was explained by the remark of a Collector of New York to the present writer when he protested, on behalf of some of the victims, against such assessments: "My dear Sir, there are plenty of men quite as capable as any of these who are ready to take their places this moment with all the incumbrances." The salaries of office-holders are public money paid for public service, and no party has a right to levy upon it under a virtual threat. There would be no complaint if such a circular were in good faith a mere invitation to a clerk in the Custom-house, as it is, for instance, to us. It is because it is not, and can not be so until there is a change in the whole system of the service, that the practice of asking contributions from office-holders should be prohibited. Mr. Gorham says that the soliciting committee have not the power to coerce. In the same way it was said that the Church had no power to burn heretics. But Mr. Gorham will remember that nevertheless they were burned. If he were not an active and experienced politician we should take the trouble to show him how, although the committee has no power to coerce, the office-holders are coerced.

Mr. Gorham implies, although he does not expressly say, that his circular is not addressed especially to office-holders. The intrinsic evidence, however, is remarkable. It is true that the form of the appeal is to the recipient "as a Republican," and it is added to those "who happen to be in Federal employ" that there will be no official objection to voluntary contribution. This seems to be general and fair. But a copy of this circular was sent to Custom-house and other clerks, whose addresses had been carefully obtained from the official lists, and they were specifically requested to contribute exactly one per cent. of their salaries. Does Mr. Gorham expect us to believe that the circulars were sent to Republicans who were not office-holders, requesting them to contribute one per cent. of their incomes, with the amount of such percentage carefully inserted in the space left for it? A circular so prepared, "hoping that it [the contribution] may not be less than ——," and the blank filled in with the figures of exactly one per cent. of the salary of the office-holder, is a circular especially designed to extort that amount of money from the minor office-holder, under coercion of the fear of removal. And that fear is not removed by the statement or the knowledge that the President disapproves the assessment, because the minor office-holder who is assessed knows perfectly well that his place does not depend upon the President, but upon a superior who holds the view of the Collector whom we mentioned, and of another Collector in the same office, whom we knew to turn out an efficient and honest clerk, frankly telling him that it was because he was of no use to the party.

Mr. Gorham says that there was no assessment and no coercion. We do not, of course, question the sincerity of his opinion. But we hold, on the contrary, what also we personally know in many instances to be true, that so long as the theory of the civil service is that the office-holders ought to support the party, such a circular is necessarily an assessment under coercion.

A MISSTATEMENT.

The New York *Tribune* asserts that we have urged the Administration to use its patronage in this State to defeat the reelection of Mr. Conkling. The accuracy of this assertion may be judged from the article upon which the *Tribune* bases its charge. Our words were:

> "The President, as the representative of the just cause of all citizens against a clique, will not, we hope, shrink from the contest. It is his duty to prevent the public service in this State from being used as a personal machine. The same reasons that demanded and justified the late changes in the Custom-house demand a similar change wherever the same abuses exist. The public service in New York should be de-Conklingized. If the restoration of the service to its public and impersonal ends be, as his friends assert, a blow at Mr. Conkling, it is a legitimate blow, for the public offices certainly do not exist, and should not be allowed to be used, for the political benefit of any man. We do not mean that Mr. Conkling's opponents should be appointed to office because they are his opponents, nor his friends removed because they are his friends. The holders of office will have their personal and political preferences like other men. But where offices are held by active Conkling politicians, or by politicians active for any other person, a change should be made to prevent the use of the offices for the benefit of any person whatever. The offices are public trusts, and the holders should not be suffered to use them to pack Conventions and to buy votes, and expect to escape by the plea that they do not steal the public money."

THE VICTORS AT HENLEY.

The returning victors of the Henley regatta were received by the sons of Columbia with a hearty and generous welcome. There was plenty of enthusiasm and eloquence, and there was happily nothing so excessive as to throw ridicule upon the warmth of the reception. The occasion was turned to the best account by Mr. Hewitt, who made the talk of Kearney a text for some most timely and useful remarks upon the imperative necessity, if American institutions are to remain, of an active participation in politics upon the part of all intelligent citizens, and he appealed effectively to the names of Hamilton and Jay, of Livingston and Clinton—"names which adorn the rolls of Columbia College, and furnish an undying example to the young men whom she sends forth." It is useless, he said, to suppose that you can do nothing because of the corruptionist and the professional politician. The victors at Henley were told the same thing. They were advised that they could not succeed, and would withdraw if they were wise. But they were wise enough not to withdraw. They might be beaten by skill, but they would not surrender to brag. They tried and won, and the same spirit in political life will produce the same result.

Mr. Hewitt reminded the young men of the necessity of a union of all good and intelligent citizens against the enemies of society itself. He illustrated his point by a letter from a leading lawyer of San Francisco describing the alarming situation due to Kearney and the spirit he represents. Kearney's advice to the ignorant and the poor, which the criminal also is delighted to hear, is that all issues be pooled, so that he and his friends can get possession of the government and disorganize society. That he is heard by vast crowds, and that a man like General Butler casts in his political lot with him, is a fact which should be most carefully considered, and shows a situation which will not improve by being left to itself. The condition at which Kearney aims is that which France reached in 1793, when hate and fear and ignorance held supreme sway. Any tendency toward such a result is to be arrested only by vigilance and good sense. But the only radical means of bringing vigilant good sense to bear is the spectacle of a government enacting wise laws, refusing every kind of class legislation, and strong in the confidence of the intelligent and industrious, to whom it commends itself by its justice. Such a government is not ideal, but it is possible only to the resolute co-operation of those who value country more than party, who have clear and positive convictions, and the courage and ability necessary to assert them as arguments and maintain them as laws.

The speech of Mr. Hewitt was most timely. It was loudly cheered by the students and their friends, and it will be pondered by good citizens every where.

SOUND SENSE IN INDIANA.

General Butler, in leaving the Republican party, to which he has long been but loosely attached, and to which he may be said never to have naturally belonged, said, in a speech at Biddeford, Maine:

> "I want, in the first place, a dollar fixed by law, not made dependent upon any thing redeemable, but a legal tender for debts, public and private, with the stamp on it of the most powerful and wealthy nation on earth, the United States of America [applause], as a currency for the people of the United States of America. [Great applause.] I don't want this dollar made to suit any body in another nation, and especially the Chinese. [Prolonged laughter and applause.] I don't want a piece of gold stamped with a dollar, because that gold is a commodity; for when it gets to be more valuable as a commodity, then some one comes and just takes it off for a commodity. I stand here for an inconvertible paper currency, the greenback which carried on the war and saved the country. [Applause.] I want to get rid of the bonds, not out of any special enmity to the bondholder, but for the good of the people."

This is really the sincere desire of many persons who think that by some hocus-pocus government can make the people rich.

On the same day General Ben Harrison was speaking in Richmond, Indiana. He is a Republican who does not leave the party, but forcibly states what he holds to be Republican views, and in so doing completely answers General Butler:

> "The greenback, in common with every bank-note any of you has ever seen, contains a promise to pay dollars. It reads, 'The United States will pay to bearer one dollar on demand.' None of you would take bank paper or the paper of an individual that did not contain a promise to pay. And its value is measured by your faith and your neighbor's faith that the promise will be kept. The 'fiat' dollar is to contain no promise to pay, but in its stead we are to have a 'fiat' or proclamation. It would run in its simplest form thus: 'This is a dollar,' or if that formula is too brief, some decoration might be added, thus: 'Hail, Columbia! this is a dollar,' or 'E Pluribus Unum! this is ten dollars.' Or for the pious it might read: 'In God we trust to make this a dollar,' and the holder would mentally add, 'For He only can.' For it is certain that nothing short of the 'fiat' of Him who made the world from nothing can make such a bit of paper worth one hundred cents. The greenback is a child of promise. The 'fiat' would be a waif, a stray, a nobody's child. But, say these men who claim for our Congress creative power, we will pass a law making these 'fiat' dollars legal tender for all debts, public and private. If you did, your law would need, as between individuals, the sanction of judicial approval. If the courts held your legal tender fiat act unconstitutional, as they certainly would, it would hardly pay the rag-picker to gather from the defrauded poor your fiat dollars. Congress has power by the Constitution to coin money, but this is not coin. It has power to borrow money, but that implies a promise to pay, while neither in the law creating it nor in the fiat paper itself will you admit any promise to pay. It is matter of judicial history that the legal tender clause of the greenback act was sustained with difficulty in the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision sustaining it is put upon the express power given by the Constitution to borrow money and the implied power to emit bills of credit, helped out by the war powers of the government and considerations growing out of the supreme crisis in which the country then was.
>
> "But if the legal-tender quality could be given to this new species of money, that would not make it a par dollar, or a dollar of any fixed value. It would enable every corporation and manufacturing company in the land, every person employing labor, to buy up this cheap money and pay it out at par to their employés for the last month's wages. But when those laborers shall go to the merchant with their cheap fiat money to buy bread or meat for their families, where is the law that can force that merchant to give as much flour for a fiat dollar as for a greenback or gold dollar? He will only give the value of the dollar offered; and if that value is uncertain or fluctuating, he will probably give less than its present value, out of a fear that it may further depreciate on his hands.... The quality of being legal tender, aided by the promise on its face to pay, could not keep the greenback at par. Nothing but convertibility into coin can do it for any paper money."

It is very significant that General Butler feels that with the views he has expressed in Congress and in Biddeford he is no longer a Republican.

A CONTRAST.

There is nothing more striking and significant in the history of the election of 1876 than the difference in the attitude of Mr. Hayes and of Mr. Tilden during the uncertain period. Mr. Tilden notoriously managed his own campaign—a performance unprecedented in our history, and fatal to all proper respect for the Presidency. If a man is personally to squabble and scramble for it as for a coronership in a County Convention, all sense of the dignity of the office and of the self-respecting conduct of a candidate is lost.

The *Tribune* recently refreshed the public memory of the scandalous Oregon intrigue which was conducted from the house of Mr. Tilden. One electoral vote was necessary to secure his election. An arrangement was made by Messrs. Patrick and Kelly, confidential agents of the Tilden campaign, by which the Governor of Oregon was to give a certificate to a Democrat who had not been elected. But to complete the plan it was necessary to bribe a Republican to approve the act. The following message was sent to Mr. Tilden's nephew and confidential agent at Mr. Tilden's house:

> "Portland, *November 28.*
>
> "*W. T. Pelton, No. 15 Gramercy Park, New York:*
>
> "Certificate will be issued to one Democrat. *Must purchase a Republican elector* to recognize and act with Democrats, and secure the vote and prevent trouble. Deposit $10,000 to my credit with Kountze Brothers, Wall Street. Answer. J. H. N. Patrick.
>
> "I fully indorse this. James K. Kelly."

To this message the following answer was sent by the agent from the house of Mr. Tilden: and will the reader imagine such an answer to such a proposal issuing from the house of Washington, or John Quincy Adams, or Abraham Lincoln?

> "*If you make obligation contingent on result in March, it can be done, and incremable slightly if necessary.*"

In other words, cash on delivery. To this economical suggestion Patrick telegraphs:

> "*One elector must be paid to recognize Democrat to secure majority.* Have employed three lawyers; editor of only Republican paper as one lawyer; fee $3000; *will take $5000 for Republican elector*; must raise money; can't make fee contingent. Must act promptly."

The money was then paid. Eight thousand dollars were placed to the credit of Patrick, $3000 for the lawyer, and $5000 for the Republican elector, and Patrick telegraphed from San Francisco to Kelly in Oregon: "The eight deposited as directed this morning. Let no technicality prevent winning." For some reason this attempt to buy the Presidency by corrupting an elector failed. It is one of the most humiliating and disgraceful incidents in our political annals.

Yet the supporters of Mr. Tilden, following the lead of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, openly charge or insinuate that Mr. Hayes was personally privy to some kind of fraud to secure his election. Men and papers have been sifted and searched for months by party malignity both within and without the President's own party, and the only thing that has yet been discovered is the letter that we recently published. On the very day before the proposition to buy the Oregon elector for Mr. Tilden was made, Mr. Hayes had written:

> "But we are not to allow our friends to defeat one outrage and fraud by another. There must be nothing crooked on our part. Let Mr. Tilden have the place by violence, intimidation, and fraud, rather than undertake to prevent it by means that will not bear the severest scrutiny."

If honorable and patriotic Democrats are satisfied with the contrast, so are Republicans.

PERSONAL.

Thomas Jessop, of Sheffield, England, head of the famous firm of steel manufacturers, has handed over to trustees, for the use of the public, a magnificent building to be hereafter used as a women's hospital. It cost $150,000.

—King Humbert of Italy affects the frank, familiar tone of his father at his audiences. Lately he received some professors from the university. To the professor of anatomy the King said, "Heaven keep me from falling into your hands!" And the professor answered, "Amen! for your Majesty's sake and the country's." A professor of constitutional law told the King that he was flattered to recall that years before he had presided with his Majesty, then Crown Prince, at a charitable society's meeting. "That was so long ago I had forgotten all about it," said the King. "And your Majesty's first official act on ascending the throne," continued the professor, "was to sign the document which made me a count." "That, too, I have forgotten," retorted the King; "I sign so many documents and make so many counts."

—The Hon. Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, has been elected president of the association that includes the officers of all the national banks in the United States. The compliment derives additional honor from the fact that Mr. Mitchell's is a private, not a national bank. Western men will not forget that in former times the notes of his bank constituted most of the Western circulating medium that passed at par; that they were unsecured, and were based simply on the confidence of his personal integrity. He is concededly the most opulent man in the West: very conservative, yet full of enterprise and courage. For six years he was in Congress, where, as in all his large financial operations, he was the stanch advocate of all that was sound and conservative. In private life Mr. Mitchell is one of the most amiable and unassuming of men, yet very genial, and fond of every thing bright, cheery, and good.

—Judge Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, has sold his residence at Louisville, and will make Chicago his home when not officially occupied at Washington.

—Dr. Robert Wright, of Centreville, Maryland, is the oldest living graduate of West Point, having graduated in 1818. He is eighty-one years old, and proposes to visit the academy this month.

—Considerable speculation has arisen in regard to the authorship of *Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire*, one of the most popular novels in "Harper's Library of American Fiction," and some time we may give the secret to the public. The novel has excited great interest by its finely drawn characters and admirable pictures of Southern life since the war. It has also found its way across our northern boundary, and one of our Canadian contemporaries does its readers the favor to print it as a serial. Our contemporary evidently knows "who reads American books," and displays excellent taste in its selection.

—Lord Tenterden, the English Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs (a permanent position, the occupant managing all the minor matters and details of the office), who will be remembered in this country as secretary of the High Joint Commission of 1871, has been made a Commander of the Order of the Bath. The subordinate members of the Commission were playfully alluded to in Washington as the "second joints." Lord Tenterden's father arose from the humblest walks. He was the son of a hair-dresser at Canterbury. At Oxford he was early distinguished for attainments and purity of moral conduct, and at the bar won speedy distinction. He was Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and though his inflexible Toryism rendered him unpopular, it was admitted by all parties that a more able, courteous, or impartial Chief Justice had never presided in that court.

—Sir Cowajee Jehangeer, who died a few weeks since at Bombay, had given to charities in that city $1,200,000.

—The Marquis of Lorne promises to be a capable as well as popular Governor-General of Canada. He has had considerable experience of official life. He was private secretary to his father, the Duke of Argyll, while in the Gladstone government, and is a traveller, a writer, and a man of independent thought. He is thirty-three years of age, and has sat in Parliament for more than ten years. But of course his marriage is his great qualification for his new office. He will take with him to Canada the cleverest of the Queen's daughters and the most popular. His court will have a semi-royal character. The Canadians will be flattered, and the empire will be all the stronger. Thus a great difficulty has been well surmounted. Nobody knew how to supply the place of Lord Dufferin. He is the best Governor-General Canada ever had. But the appointment of the chief of the Clan Campbell, "who married a princess and translated the Psalms," is some security for the continuance of that loyalty which through mismanagement was a few years ago being too sorely strained.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Connecticut National Greenback Labor Convention met at New Haven August 14, and nominated Charles Atwater for Governor, and H. Manchester for Lieutenant-Governor. The Colorado Greenback Convention met at Denver on the same day, and nominated R. G. Buckingham for Governor. The Nebraska Greenbackers met at Lincoln August 15, and nominated L. G. Todd for Governor.

The bill allowing women to vote at school meetings passed the New Hampshire House of Representatives August 8. It had previously passed the Senate by a vote of 9 to 3.

The yellow fever in the South is spreading. Up to August 15 there had been 794 cases and 210 deaths in New Orleans. In Grenada, Mississippi, the cases are all of the most malignant form, and none have recovered. The population is reduced to less than 300 whites.

Three distinguished persons died during the week, viz., on the 11th, at San Francisco, Henry J. Montague, the actor, aged thirty-two years; on the 13th, in this city, Evert A. Duyckinck, the author, aged sixty-two years; and on the 14th, in Poughkeepsie, Dr. John H. Raymond, president of Vassar College, aged sixty-four years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: The opposition to the Austrian advance in Bosnia still continues, and several battles have been fought. It is said that the insurgents number more than 100,000 armed men. In an engagement at Jaicze, August 8, the Bosnians were defeated, after nine hours' fighting, with a loss of 500 killed and wounded and 700 prisoners. On the 11th, an Austrian division was whipped in a twelve hours' engagement near Tuzla. According to advices from Serajevo, the insurgent government has sent Hafiz Pasha to meet the Austrians, to ask clemency for the insurgents. It is considered in Constantinople that the Bosnians can not prolong their resistance. With the view, therefore, to tranquillize them, the Porte has appointed Mehemet Ali Pasha as its commissioner in Bosnia. It is positively stated that the Porte, on the 10th, telegraphed decisive instructions to Serajevo that an agreement had been reached with Austria upon a basis for a convention; that, therefore, the Austrians enter the Turkish provinces as friends, and that any offer of resistance to them will be to no purpose.—A rumor is circulating in Paris that England, Turkey, and France have agreed to a French protectorate over the Turkish dependency of Tunis, it being stipulated that France shall not interfere with the Regency.—The Turks have abandoned the forts north of Varna, and the Russians have occupied them. It was announced in the British Parliament, August 12, that the English fleet would leave Constantinople when the Russians withdraw their troops.—"Russia," says the Paris *Moniteur*, "has sent General Abramofski as its accredited representative to Cabool, the capital of Northern Afghanistan." The *Moniteur* regards this as grave news, in view of the unsatisfactory relations between Shere Ali and the British government, and of the Russian advance toward Afghanistan.—An explosion occurred recently in the fortifications of Kars, resulting in a fire which destroyed the best portion of the city.

Nubar Pasha, who was summoned by the Khedive to assist him in carrying out reforms of administration in Egypt, has gone to Alexandria, bearing important projects of reform, which have been sanctioned by England and France.

A riot occurred in Ottawa, Canada, August 12, growing out of an assault by the Catholics upon the Orangemen. Many shots were fired, wounding several persons, and two houses were wrecked.

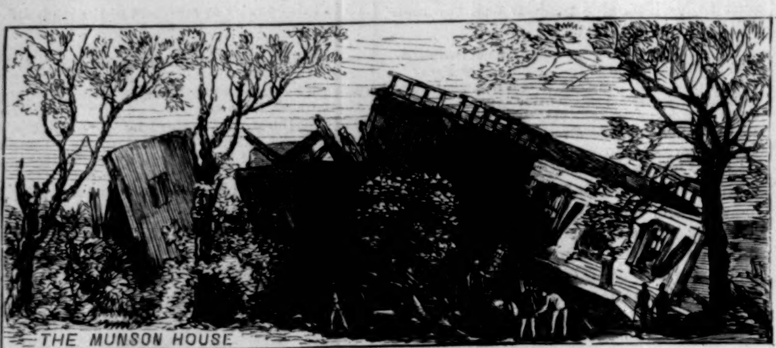
The British official estimate of the number of deaths from the recent famine in India is 1,350,000.

Civil law is restored in Cuba. Captain-General Martinez-Campos has issued a decree raising the state of siege which has existed since February 7, 1874.

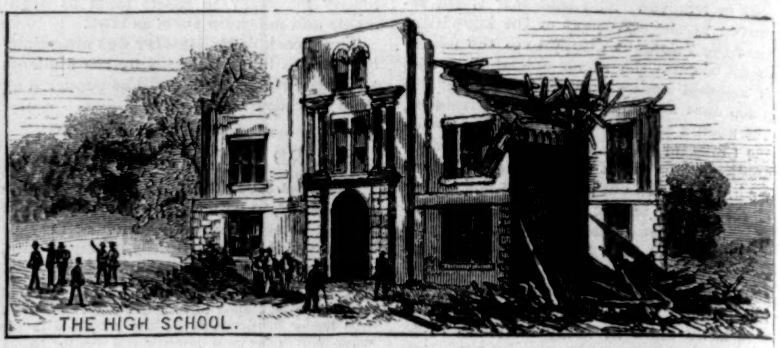
The news of the elections in Hungary is still favorable to the government. The returns received up to the present time show the election of 182 Liberals, 52 United Opposition, 36 Extreme Left, 11 Nationals, and 50 Independents. Herr Tisza has been unanimously elected Deputy for Seps-Gjyoergy.

Since the attempted assassination of the Emperor William by Dr. Nobiling there have been 563 arrests of persons in Germany for insulting the Emperor. Of these 521 have been convicted, including thirty-one women. The average length of the sentences of imprisonment imposed is about a year and a half. Five of the accused committed suicide before trial.

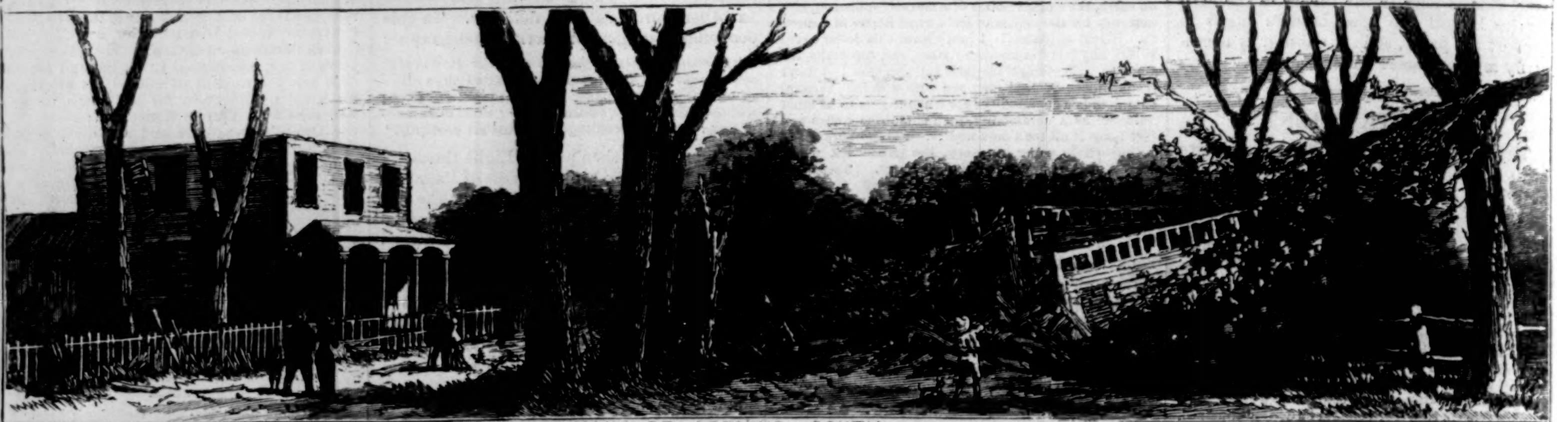
Prince Bismarck's bill for preventing the spread of Socialism has been presented to the German Federal Council. It prohibits associations, meetings, and publications in furtherance of Socialistic or Communistic objects. The central authorities of the federal states are declared competent to deal with all offenses against this law. Appeal from their decisions will be to an imperial bureau, to be created for enforcing the regulations and considering questions concerning public meetings and the press. Penalties range from a fine to a year's imprisonment. Socialistic agents may be expelled from the towns, and forbidden to pursue their trades as printers, booksellers, or innkeepers. The central authorities may, with the sanction of the Federal Council, in districts where public safety is endangered, prohibit public meetings for a year unless the meetings are sanctioned by the police authorities, prohibit the sale of interdicted printed matter in the streets, restrict the sale or possession of arms, and expel unemployed persons. The regulations are very minute.



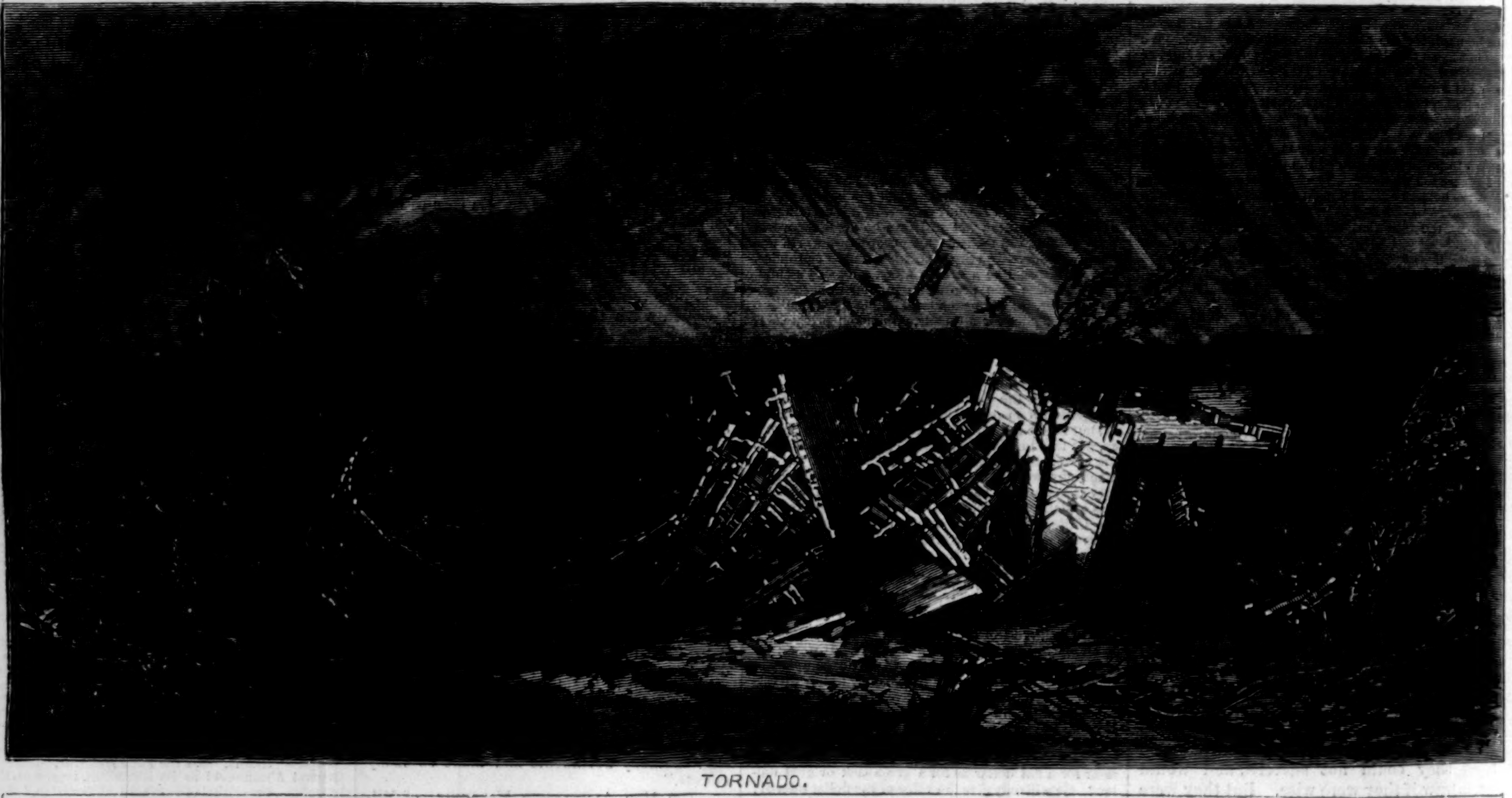
THE MUNSON HOUSE.



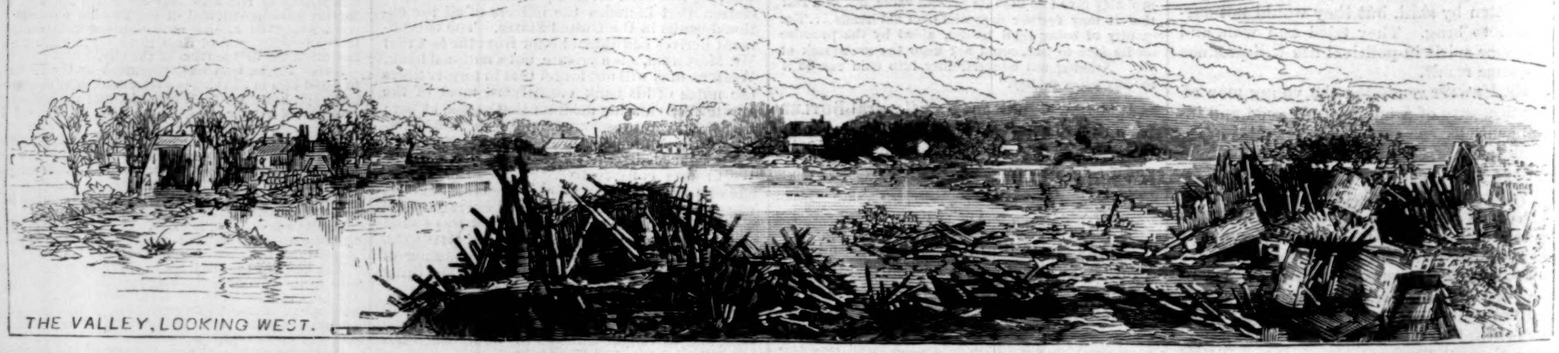
THE HIGH SCHOOL.



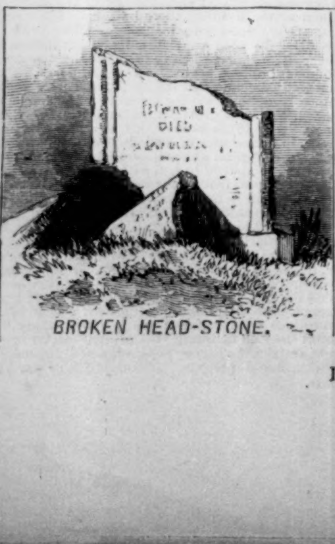
MAIN ST. LOOKING SOUTH.



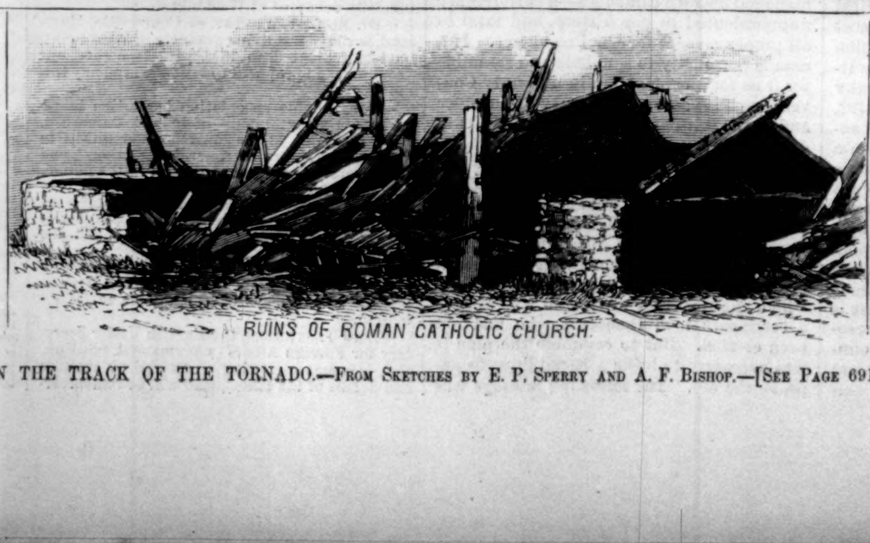
TORNADO.



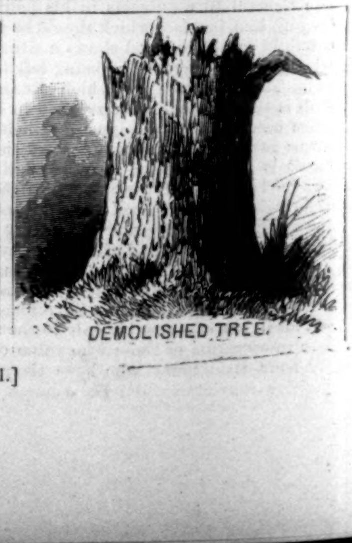
THE VALLEY, LOOKING WEST.



BROKEN HEAD-STONE.



RUINS OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.



DEMOLISHED TREE.

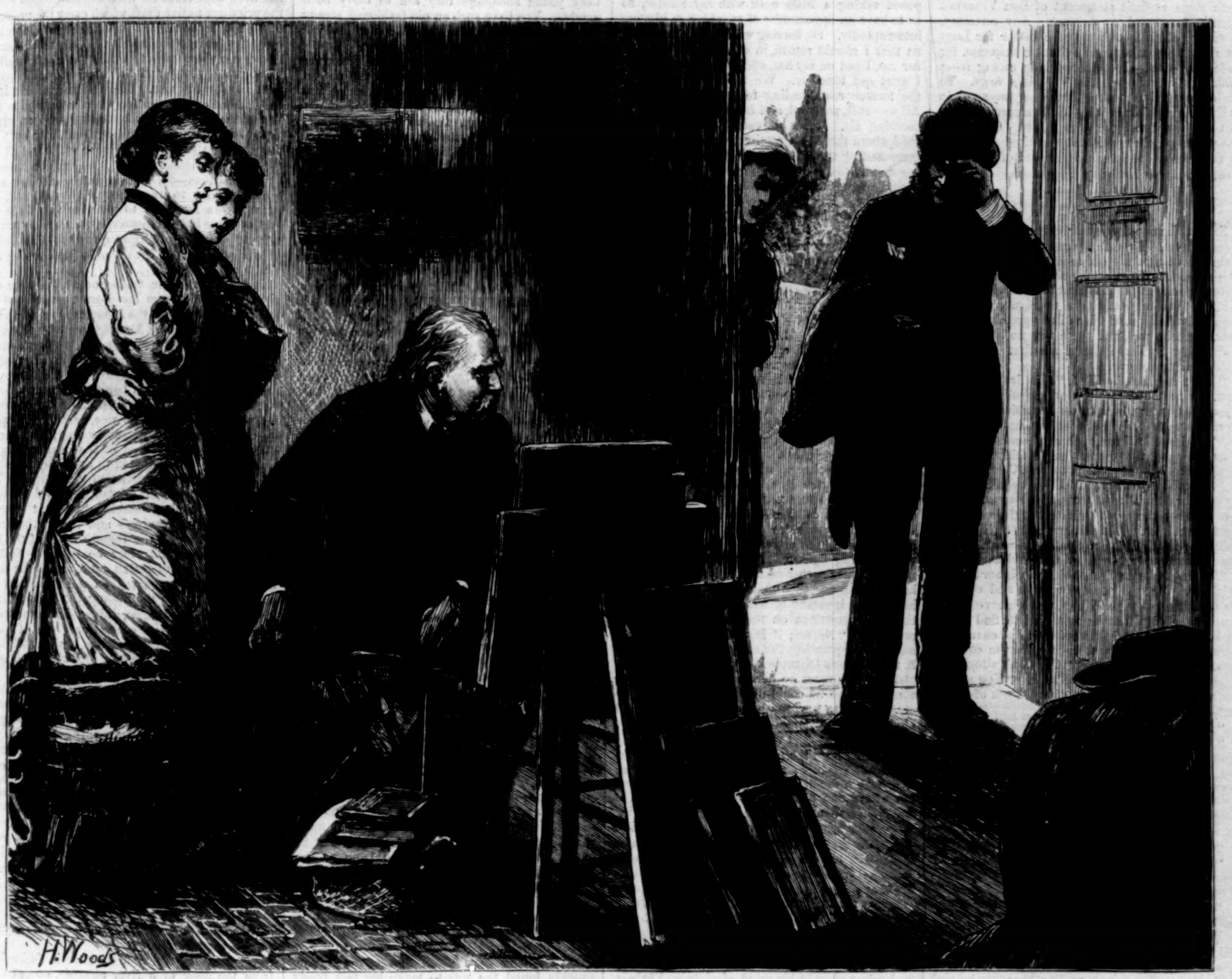
IN THE TRACK OF THE TORNADO.—From Sketches by E. P. Sperry and A. F. Bishop.—[See Page 691.]

AMONG ALIENS.[*]

By MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

Author of "Veronica," "Anne Furness," "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XII.



"AND TURNING ROUND, WE SAW A STRANGER STANDING BEHIND US IN THE OPEN DOORWAY."

My sister gradually recovered from the shock of the Princess's letter. Nay, to say the truth, she recovered from it more quickly than I did. Her very humility helped her. In the gentleness of her nature she bent like a reed before the harsh wind; but, like a reed, she rose again when it had passed. I was less flexible. I could neither submit nor forget. My soul protested and cried out against the treatment Lucy had received; and even if it had not been in my character to feel the injustice of this injury keenly, the sight of Lucy's pale face would have been sufficient to keep my indignation alive. For, although I have said she recovered from the shock and prostration occasioned by that cruel letter, yet she was very far from being the sunny-tempered Lucy, with blush-rose cheeks, whom I had brought from England a year and a half ago. Poor little thing! I began to feel that, for her, the blossom and sweetness of youth had been rudely destroyed. That flower fades for us all. It is the doom of earthly things. But for the happier sort of mortals it changes naturally and imperceptibly, as the fresh green of spring gives place to the gold and russet of July and October in their appointed seasons; and I had hoped that my Lucy might be numbered among the happier sort of mortals. Certainly our poverty and obscurity would not have hindered her happiness, for she had been as cheerful as the day until lately. Poor little thing! Well, I could but work hard in the present, and hope in the future. Lucy was but eighteen, after all.

One or two days passed quietly. Don Gregorio did not come near us. And, indeed, I believe that I had frightened him nearly out of his wits; for when one morning I chanced to see him talking to a farmer in the street he turned away, and darted off up a by-lane in a violent hurry, leaving his interlocutor gaping after him, utterly unable to discover what it was that had put the reverend gentleman to flight. Monsignor Chiappaforti, however, did not retire from the field and wash his hands of us after his somewhat stormy interview with me. He came again the very next day, but without asking to see either me or Lucy. He merely left his card, with a polite message of inquiry for the Signorina Lucia. Our landlady, S'ora Nanna, was greatly impressed by these attentions, and began, I think, to consider us personages of some importance, which up to that time she had evidently not done, I am bound to say.

At length, one afternoon when I returned from painting out-of-doors, I found Monsignore in our sitting-room with Lucy. He saluted me courteously, and I could not help admiring the tact and discrimination of his behavior toward us both. In general I had thought his manner below his reputation for talent; but upon this occasion Monsignore was superior to his usual self from a histrionic point of view. He adapted his face, his voice, and his manner to the circumstances of the case. It was the more clever, inasmuch as Nature had not fitted him for the part of a feeling friend. Like one or two other persons conspicuous for jollity and renowned for *bonhomie*, whom I have met with, Monsignor Chiappaforti's smiles and ready laughter always appeared to me to indicate an almost absolute moral isolation—a curious and painful want of sympathy. I know that he did not produce this impression on every one. On the contrary, the world said how delightfully genial Monsignore was. But for my own part, rightly or wrongly, I found his uniform hilarity almost repulsive; and when Monsignore's infantine laugh raised answering smiles on every face around, it was an odd and unpleasant sensation to be conscious, as I was, of a dreary depression of spirits.

However, to-day he was serious, placid, and friendly in his tone. I know not what he had been saying to Lucy before my arrival; but after I joined them he talked pleasantly enough, and avoided all subjects which might have aroused emotion. He talked of the places of interest in the neighborhood, of Hadrian's Villa, of the Villa of Varus, and so forth. Perhaps his antiquarian lore was not profound; but it was certainly great in comparison with our ignorance. And, in spite of my dislike and distrust of the man, I found myself listening with interest to what he had to say. Among the excursions he recommended was one to Monte Gennaro—the Mons Lucretilis of Horace—and to the site of the poet's villa, near Licenza. On the subject of this latter Monsignore grew warm. He, for his part, was convinced that the ploughed field, under whose soil the peasant proprietor will show you a fragment of mosaic pavement, was the veritable site of Horace's Sabine farm. Other archæologists differed from him here, it is needless to say, and differed from each other; and every one of them irrefragably proved himself to be right (at least to his own satisfaction) by masses of quotations from all sorts of authors.

"Ah, I wish you could see the view from the top of Monte Gennaro, and then get down to the farm close to Licenza!" said Monsignore. "A charming excursion! You could go on ponies. I made it on foot when I was a school-boy at Mondragone with my tutor, Don Anselmo—a very learned man, a great classical scholar, one of the *vieille roche* who belonged to the days when we *had* some learning and culture in Rome. We did not teach boys and girls out of the gutter music and algebra, to be sure; but then, *en revanche*, our professors had some erudition—could even speak and write their own language correctly, for example, incredible as the statement may appear to you nowadays!"

So Monsignore chatted on for some quarter of an hour, and when he took his leave I felt more charitably disposed toward him than I had ever done yet. I asked Lucy what he had been saying to her before I came in, and she answered with a serious look that he had been speaking of the consolations of religion.

The unexpected break-up of our relations with the Corleonis released us from the obligation of returning to Rome at the expiration of a fortnight, and I thought it would be well for us to prolong our stay at Tivoli for a few weeks. It was a great point with me to keep Lucy away from the associations of our Roman life until she should be strong enough in mind and body to bear the sight of the familiar places and people without breaking down. I proposed to her, therefore, that we should remain in Tivoli until the end of April, and she acquiesced in the proposition with gentle listlessness. Yes; let it be as I pleased. She would willingly remain. She wanted to see my picture begun, but she supposed I might work at it here as well as in Rome. Of her own feelings or wishes not a word did she say. This listlessness it was, in truth, which made me anxious on her account. It was so unnatural at her age, and so foreign to her former warm-hearted, eager way, that I could not help fearing it indicated a morbid state of bodily weakness. Almost rather would I have seen her give way to passionate regrets, which would have worn themselves out, than accept her sorrow with this uncomplaining quietude.

There was only one thing which seemed to arouse her interest and take her out of her sad meditations, and that one thing, strangely enough, was the company of my model, Monica. Perhaps it was the fact that Monica was utterly removed from participation in the story of her life in Rome; perhaps Lucy, in her kindness of heart, wished to exercise a good influence over the undisciplined creature; perhaps the mere novelty and strangeness of Monica's uncivilized sayings and doings really amused her; in short, whatever were the cause, it is certain that Lucy never looked and spoke so like her old self as when she sat by, needle-work in hand, while I painted from Monica, and listening or talking to that wild daughter of the Campagna. On her part, Monica had some attachment for Lucy, in her rough way, and a great admiration for her delicate, blonde beauty. But she assumed a protecting air toward my sister which was very comic and curious.

"*Poveretta!*" she would exclaim. "Poor little thing! Just see her fingers sewing that handkerchief! *How* small and fine they are—fine! fine! And her curls are as soft—just like the Gesù Bambino! Don't let her sew too much. She'll be tired." Or else, "Why does not the Signorina divert herself more? She never goes to hear the band play on Sundays. She has no diversions, and she is so young! You ought not to let her be so melancholy. *Mamma mia!* would *I* sit at home like that, and never enjoy a *festa?*"

Once, by way of drawing her out, I said, "Well, but how is it that you don't mind my being melancholy, as you call it, Monica? I never go to hear the band play, either."

She looked at me quickly, with her head on one side. "*Ah si! Per bacco*, that's true enough!" she replied, after a second's pause. "And you're not old. How old are you?"

"Twenty-four."

"E-e-e-eh! That's more than I thought. Still, it's not so *very* old. But you ain't so pretty and fair as the Signorina Lucia. Her skin is like the wax angel in the *presepio* at Christmas, and her curls are as soft—just like the Gesù Bambino, as I always say. *Poveretta!* she ought to have some diversion."

"Well, well, Monica," I answered, one day, to a speech of this kind; "she shall have some diversion. We will make a beautiful excursion to Monte Gennaro and to Licenza. It will be lovely one of these fine spring days. And if you're good, and sit nicely for me all this week, you may come too. You said you wanted to go to Licenza."

"Yes," answered Monica, "so I do. I want to see my aunt, granny's youngest daughter, who lives there. Granny's too old to go. But—will that divert the Signorina? Once I went to Licenza for my cousin's wedding. We had a tambourine, and we danced. That was famous! But—only just to go there in the daytime and see all those big hills, and the river, and the women washing on a work-day—h'm! I don't believe *that* will divert her!"

And Monica shook her head with a disappointed air. Still the promised excursion was something to look forward to, and she was on her best behavior for several days, to induce me to let her go.

I should not have thought of attempting it, except for the hope that we might have Signor Sandro with us on the occasion. He had sent me one of his brief, hieroglyphical communications by post, informing me that he thought he should come over to Tivoli for a day or so, to look at my work and get a breath of country air. If he would accompany us, I thought the excursion might be managed; and, for my own part, I was very anxious to make it. Lucy showed little interest in the project, or indeed in any project or incident of our daily lives. She seemed to me to be like a person breathlessly waiting for an expected footstep, to whom all other sounds are merely disturbing. An eating suspense wore her spirit day by day. Once, when I said some word to her about the necessity of rousing her mind from vain regrets, she burst into tears and exclaimed, "Oh, Catherine, if he would but come and speak to me, or write, or make one sign! I know all is over between us. I am resigned to that; I would never complain of it. But this blank silence is too dreadful. I imagine to myself a thousand painful things. What may he be thinking of me? Who knows what he has been told? There must be some misapprehension in his mind, or he would never leave me pining in neglect like this. He *couldn't* be so cruel, Catherine!"

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What could I say to her? To tell her that I believed Vittorio capable of almost any degree of cruel selfishness would not have mended matters; on the other hand, to defend him was impossible to me. I could but assure her of my unchanging love, and hold her poor, curly, child-like head against my breast, and let her cry.

Meanwhile I revolved in my own mind what I would say in my letter to the Princess. I was firmly determined that I would write to her, and now the idea that I might succeed in drawing forth some explicit statement of Don Vittorio's intentions spurred my purpose. Any certainty, however painful, would now be better for Lucy than her present state of agitating suspense, for under it lurked—I could not help seeing it—a wild hope, a vain trust, in Vittorio's vows. To me his cowardly abandonment of her was as plain as if he had spoken it to me in the clearest words. But she could not see it as I saw. Could she have done so, she would have merited some part of the Princess's reproaches, instead of being the most trustful and unsuspecting of creatures.

CHAPTER XIII.

Signor Sandro came, and he brought with him a companion. I was not pleased to hear this announcement that my old *maestro* was not alone. The presence of a stranger was particularly distasteful to me at that moment, and I had a strong opinion that he would take up Signor Sandro's time and attention, of which I was greedy. However, there he was, and there was no help for it, and Signor Sandro assured me that his friend would not trouble us.

"Why, Maestro," said I, "this is something new. *You* picking up a new acquaintance, and consenting even to make an excursion to Tivoli in his company! What does it mean?"

"Am I such a bear, such a misanthrope, such a curmudgeon, that I can't make friends with a stranger? Is that what you mean, Caterina?"

"Something like that," I answered, saucily. "Only for 'can't' read 'won't.' You know one word makes the most important difference in a text sometimes. But tell me about this man. I'm sure he can't be a common person, or you would never have consented to travel with him."

The implied compliment pleased Signor Sandro mightily. He was perfectly frank and open in showing that it pleased him, and observed, with much simplicity, that he was glad to find I had at least appreciated that point in his character, namely, a contempt and dislike for the conventional and commonplace. "You don't altogether appreciate me, Caterina," he said. "You set up your judgment against mine, in all sorts of cases, but—"

"Never in Art, Master!"

"Never in Art? Well, no, I suppose not. You do allow me to know something about painting, I believe. But in knowledge of the world, now—in the conduct of life—you stick to your own opinion with an obstinacy—but, *gid*, all the English are obstinate. Rodolfo is as obstinate as a buffalo."

"Who may Rodolfo be?"

"Ah, I forgot; you don't know his name. I don't know it either. At least I can't say it, so I call him Rodolfo."

"Master, you're talking Chinese! I'm bewildered. Please to explain."

Then Signor Sandro did explain, and this was his explanation. The stranger whose acquaintance he had made, and whom he had brought with him to Tivoli, was an Englishman who had come to his studio, and pleased the old artist by some intelligent observations on his pictures. They had got into conversation, and then the stranger pleased him still more by his enthusiasm on behalf of the unity and independence of Italy, and his praises of Garibaldi. He had himself shouldered a rifle under the command of the patriot soldier; on hearing which, Signor Sandro had at once embraced him—considerably to the Englishman's surprise and discomfiture, as I gathered. Their acquaintance ripened rapidly, however, and their good understanding had certainly not been impaired by the fact that the Englishman had purchased a picture of Signor Sandro. It was a work that had long lain in the studio, and which my poor master had despaired of selling at all—the scene from Livy of Mucius Scævola before Porsena. Often had I heard Signor Sandro sigh as he looked at this picture on which he had lavished all his best skill, and which was really a fine thing. And then he would snort disdainfully, and shake his head, and cry out upon the debased taste of the day, and declare that it was worse than useless to aim at high, historical art, and that what the world liked was portraits of theatrical costumes, with a manikin inside them, devoid of grandeur, poetry, or ideas. And now he had sold his Mucius Scævola at a fair price. I was overjoyed, and congratulated him heartily. "Well, Maestro," said I, "I won't grumble at your Englishman any more, since he has shown such right feeling."

Siguor Sandro declared that his Englishman was a most wonderful man. He had been all over the world, was self-educated, and with great natural taste for artistic things. "He taught himself Latin, used to read Virgil and Horace, puzzling them out line by line, when he was keeping sheep in Australia! Think of that, Caterina! And he can read our poets too; has some cantos of Dante by heart, although he pronounces it— Ah, *Dio grande*, how he massacres the *dolce favella* when he tries to speak it! But no matter, he is a fine fellow is Rodolfo," said my old master, emphatically.

"And what *is* his name, pray—since it certainly is not Rodolfo?"

For all answer Signor Sandro pulled a visiting-card out of his pocket-book and handed it to me. On the card was printed in common, square type, "R. Rutherford, Scaur Cottage."

"Oh," said I; "Rutherford!"

Signor Sandro looked at me with a *naïve* admiration akin to that felt by the traditional Cockney who was struck with surprise at hearing the little children in Boulogne speak French so glibly. "*Caspita!* How quick you say it!" exclaimed Sandro. "But what a language! Who is to pronounce it?"

Then he began to ask about Lucy. We were alone in our sitting-room, he and I. It was early, and Lucy was not yet up, but I expected her to make her appearance every moment. I proposed taking a little walk with my master, so as to have an opportunity of speaking to him uninterruptedly. So, leaving word with S'ora Nanna that I should return, in case my sister asked for me, I put on my hat, and Signor Sandro and I went out together. We took our way along the terrace road leading to the villa of Varus. All was still, peaceful, and beautiful, in the fresh morning air. When we came to a part of the road where there is a semicircular stone parapet commanding the wide view, I stopped, and, leaning on the low wall, gave Signor Sandro a brief recital of all that had passed since we had left Rome. I had considered the question beforehand, and had resolved that it was best to confide in him. His good-will I did not doubt; and if I mistrusted his discretion, or rather his power of fully sympathizing with my view of the case, I still thought that less pain and annoyance to Lucy would arise from his being forewarned than from allowing him to speak to her under the impression that we were still on good terms with the Corleoni. Lucy could not feign; and it would have been cruel to lay the burden on her of explaining how matters stood.

In a few minutes I had to acknowledge to myself that I had not done my old master full justice in hesitating to trust him. Nothing could be better than his way of taking my confidence. He spoke of Lucy with the most chivalrous delicacy and tenderness. All his best qualities were roused on her behalf. And I own that his withering scorn of Don Vittorio was a cordial to me. I had had to suppress my own indignation against him, in talking with Lucy, to such a degree that it seemed to take a weight from my heart to be able to utter my full sentiments to a sympathizing listener. As to the Princess, he was evidently surprised and puzzled by her behavior. He agreed with me that she could not have been ignorant of what was going on, and that her assertions on that score were a mere pretense. "No, no; if Don Vittorio was in the habit of frequenting the school-room, depend on it, the Princess Olympia knew it. She is no simpleton. We must do her that justice," said my master. And he could not be brought to see—or, at least, to say, for he repeated the current phrases of his countrymen rather from the lips than the heart—that some measure of simplicity would have been the only possible excuse for the Princess's conduct; and that since she had been aware from the first of her son's pursuit of Lucy, her affectation of surprise and horror, when it suited her to avow the knowledge of it to my sister, was a base and cruel piece of hypocrisy. I believe that in his heart he did loathe such treachery; but so great is the power of a conventional phrase that "simpleton" sounded in his ears a worse reproach than "liar." Another thing struck me with surprise, in his reception of my narrative, and that was the power to injure us which he seemed to ascribe to the Princess Corleoni. That part of the matter had troubled me not a whit. But it clearly troubled him. He had vague ideas in his mind of plots and cabals, and calumnies artfully propagated, which inspired evident uneasiness. And yet Signor Sandro was no coward, morally or physically. But he had that singular characteristic which seems to be in the blood of so many Italians—a kind of suspicious credulity which makes them prone to expect a stab in the dark. And, despite all the proverbial saws about judging others by ourselves, my own observation has convinced me that many an honest man in Italy is ready to impute the vilest dishonesty to his neighbors.

"But what," said he, pondering, with his chin in his hand and his elbow propped on the wall—"what does it all mean? Chiappaforti is at the bottom of it, depend on that. He is not so attentive for nothing. He still hopes to get Lucia's fifty thousand francs."

"It's an odd way of ingratiating himself with my sister, to be a party to this cruel insult. But I acquit Monsignore of having laid that mine. I am convinced from his manner that the Princess has acted on her own judgment, and that her violence was displeasing to Monsignore."

"Her means may not have suited him, but doubt not that the end she aims at is the same as his."

"Of course neither of them would have liked Don Vittorio to marry Lucy. That I understand."

"Marry her! Child, child, not one of the party ever dreamed of the possibility of such a thing! But why let matters go so far? Why let the selfish brute entangle the girl's feelings, and go near to break her heart? Some motive there must have been. Even Chiappaforti, I suppose, doesn't delight in evil for evil's sake. And as to the Princess, she used to have a good heart; and although she has turned bigot, I can not believe she's wicked."

"True," said I, bitterly, "she *has* wonderful black eyes and eyebrows, and, since you have not seen her for many years, the impression of her Juno-like bust and arm remains vivid in your memory."

"Caterina!"

"Master, it stings me too sharply to hear you talk about that woman's 'good heart.' What good thing did she ever do that you can tell me of?"

He looked up, and then down, uneasily. "Well, well," he said, almost meekly, "perhaps I judge her too leniently. I remember her when I was a lad, you know. I used to go to her father's house. She was wonderfully handsome—the true Roman type."

My heart a little smote me when I saw him bend his gray head in a deprecating manner; and still more it smote me when he suddenly turned, and, taking my hands, said, kindly, "*Caterina mia*, you're a good girl, a brave girl! You must have suffered, my daughter. I understand, I understand. And to bear up all alone—to have such a burden laid on your shoulders! Very young shoulders they are to carry such weights. You have such an old-fashioned, steady air of wisdom, that one forgets sometimes you are but twenty-four years old."

The tears gushed from my eyes, and I saw the yellow road, and the olive-trees, and the distant plain dancing in a mist of prismatic colors. But I was unspeakably grateful for Signor Sandro's sympathy. "A word in season, how good it is!"

As we walked back to the town, my kind old master made me a confidence in return for mine, and a very unexpected one it was. He revealed to me that he had conceived the idea that Mr. Rutherford (whom he persisted in calling Rodolfo) might possibly fall in love with Lucy and marry her, and push my fortunes in the world of Art, and, in short, prove a most admirably opportune and effective *deus ex machinâ* to get us out of all our troubles.

"For mercy's sake, Master, do not breathe a word of this kind to Lucy!" said I, quite taken aback.

"No, no—no fear; leave me alone to manage it! But is it not a fine chance? An excellent idea of mine—eh? *Dio grande*, you're as silent as a stock or stone!" He burst out in one of his irritable, impatient tempers, and scolded me all the way home for my "cold-bloodedness." I humbly represented that we English—at any rate, in my rank of life—were not accustomed to have marriages arranged for us by third persons in that business-like way; that under any circumstances the idea of such a proceeding would startle Lucy and disconcert her; but that in her present state, with the most sensitive fibres of her nature still quivering from a cruel blow, Signor Sandro's project could have but one result if it became known to her, namely, to make her hate and shun the sight of Mr. Rutherford; and, lastly, I said—this *very* humbly, knowing that it would make poor dear Signor Sandro terribly cross—that I did not, for my part, wholly approve of such schemes; and that one ought to know a man's character very much more intimately than my master could know Mr. Rutherford's before one ventured to recommend him as a husband! Signor Sandro was very cross, as I had foreseen; and in trying to put aside the discussion, I said, "Well, Master, we need not quarrel about it, at any rate; for in all probability Mr. Rutherford will never have the remotest idea of marrying Lucy." And that made Signor Sandro crosser than before.

However, he recovered his temper as soon as he saw Lucy, and was so sweet, gentle, and tender in his manner to her, that I loved him more than ever. Indeed, my only fear was lest he should be too gentle and sympathizing, and so overset Lucy's self-command. He kept looking at her so pityingly when he thought she did not see him, and whispering to me, "Poor little lamb! poor little lamb!" Lucy was shy with him at first. She had always professed herself afraid of Signor Sandro. But, with more tact than I should have given him credit for, he quickly found the way to make her talk freely and eagerly: he spoke of my work, and praised it. It was an instinct of the heart which made Signor Sandro touch that spring.

We went into the bare, brick-floored room on the basement story, which was dignified by the name of my studio. And Lucy quite brightened up as she did the honors of my pictures, pulling out sketch after sketch, and descanting on their merits and their being "so *exactly* like the places" or "the people," and reserving to the last, as a grand climax, my study in oils of Monica, which she turned with its face to Signor Sandro with an air of triumph.

Poor *maestro*, he had been all sugar over my sketches, echoing Lucy's words of praise with a suavity worthy of Monsignor Chiappaforti himself, and forcibly restraining several criticisms which I absolutely saw hovering on his lips. I, who knew every turn of his face, understood very well what was meant by the twitching of his mouth and the drawing together of his bushy gray eyebrows. But Lucy was quite content with his spoken acquiescence in her admiration of "Catherine's beautiful drawings."

I own that, when the canvas with Monica's head on it was turned from the wall, I felt very nervous and anxious. I had striven hard to do my best in it, and I attached great weight to Signor Sandro's verdict. I felt sure that, say what he might, I should not be deceived as to his real opinion of the picture; and so as Lucy presented it to him I stood by with a beating heart. There ensued several seconds of silence. Lucy's face fell. She had expected a burst of admiration. But I breathed a sigh of relief, for I knew that my master's attentive, silent, frowning scrutiny meant approbation. He was interested in the picture—too much interested in the picture to think of administering sugar-plums of praise to please Lucy. As we three stood mutely there, Signor Sandro looking at my picture, and Lucy and I looking at him, S'ora Nanna's hoarse, harsh voice suddenly broke the silence by announcing "*Ecco un Signore!*" and, turning round, we saw a stranger standing behind us in the open doorway, whom Signor Sandro saluted as "Rodolfo."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RIVER TRAFFIC IN BURMAH.

Until the opening of the first line of railway, one year ago, almost the only mode of travelling in Burmah was by the natural highways of the country, the great rivers whose valleys break up the province into its main divisions, and the endless creeks which interlace each other throughout the intervening districts. And although on the great high-road of the Irrawadi fine English-built steamers have long carried much of the current traffic, the whole of the country lying away from the basin of the Irrawadi, but provided abundantly with its own minor waterways, has been dependent for its communications upon the primitive native craft which carry the produce of the country to the sea-ports, and that of foreign countries far into the interior. Various and multiform are the vessels to which the configuration of such a country and the needs of its inhabitants have given rise. The coasting traffic has, indeed, been almost entirely revolutionized in favor of sea-going vessels built on European lines, yet even now in the southern seas, and even in the Rangoon River, the voyager will meet at intervals with the old clumsy junk, with its medley of associations—its sides painted in black and white squares to represent a ship of war, its prow with a huge eye to give the vessel the effect of some living monster, its three squat masts sloping at different angles almost like the radii of a circle, and its brown sails jointed like the wings of a dragon.

But for the river traffic, or at least for the chief part of it, there has been no need and no attempt to supersede the indigenous craft, and to this day, even on the Irrawadi, side by side with the English river steamers, fleets of cumbrous trading boats, unaltered in all their picturesqueness, spread their huge canvas to the breeze, or draw up under the high bank to wait for a rising wind. And as there is a special form of vessel for various uses—one for rice, another for earth-oil, a third for travelling, and a fourth for racing—so each main division of the country has its own special build adapted to and determined by the physical characteristics of the district. The northern province of Aracan, indented by arms of the sea, requires vessels capable at once of navigating shallow rivers and facing the heavy seas which beat on the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal; and its river boats, with timbers united by seams of rattan cane, are at the same time excellent sea boats. In the same way the boats which ply on the Sittang, the great river of the Tenasserim province, differ from those which are universal in the central province of Pegu. Among these endless varieties it will suffice to notice those most commonly met with on or near the main stream of the Irrawadi.

The chief produce of the country has naturally to a great extent determined the fashion of the vessels in which it is carried, and of the great trading boats which throng the Irrawadi and congregate in the most picturesque confusion at the principal towns on its banks, the majority are either for the conveyance of rice or earth-oil. The rich plains of Pegu produce in abundance the rice which is the staple of the export trade, while the petroleum wells of Upper Burmah, within the territories of the King of Ava, furnish the cargo for a very large proportion of the river trade. The rice boats, built on a uniform plan, vary much in size, and their capacity is estimated by the number of "baskets" of rice they are built to carry. One hundred baskets are equivalent to a ton's burden, and there are boats which carry a thousand baskets.

When first seen at a distance in full sail, as from the deck of a river steamer, one of these boats resembles some enormous white bird, so small does the great hull appear in comparison with the vast spread of canvas which it carries; and a fleet of trading boats, such as one may overtake on the Irrawadi any day during the southwest monsoon, is one of the most picturesque sights in Burmah. Coming alongside them one after another, we may study closely the structure and proportions of the vessels. Perhaps the first we overtake is a monster rice boat. Heavily laden, its prow rises hardly a foot above the water, the whole fore-part of the boat being loaded deep with its cargo of rice, which rises in a mound at the centre. Along either side of the boat, between the mound of rice and the gunwale, runs a narrow bamboo planking, up and down which the crew pass and repass; and the after-part of the vessel is occupied by a miniature dwelling-house, with sloping roof, of timber, bamboo, and thatch, not less substantially built than the ordinary cottage on shore. Here a whole family will live for weeks or months, much as the gypsy basket-maker in England lives in his cart during the summer months. This cabin, if it can be so called, is usually in two parts, having its thatched roof in two separate compartments, the after compartment on a higher level than the fore, precisely as shown in the willow pattern. Finally, perched above the higher of the two roofs is a small look-out turret with its own tiny roof, something like the "howdah" of an elephant, from which the steersman has a commanding view ahead and astern. An alternative seat is also provided for the steersman in the extreme stern of the boat, behind the cabin, where a chair is fixed against the high curved stern-piece. This chair is often of the plainest fashion; but the Burmese, who have much real taste in decoration, are fond of ornamenting the cabins and sterns of their boats, which are often rich in carving, painting, and gilding. Thus nothing is commoner than to see a half-naked steersman, crouching without turban or jacket, and lazily smoking his cigarette, on a richly carved throne, supported on each side by a huge lion or tiger, or peacock with spreading tail, in rough but bold and effective wood-carving. Behind him the curved stern towers over his head, its summit crowned, perhaps, by a gilded bird with outstretched wings, like the eagle which serves for lecturn in an English church.

The outer walls of the cabin vary as to material from rough bamboo matting to elaborately carved and painted panels of wood, while the interior is little more than a reproduction of the cottage on shore. As we pass in the steamer, women and children are seated on the plank floor amidst a medley of cooking pots and other vessels, the mats on which they sleep being rolled up for the day; the crew are idly smoking, or seated in a ring round the common rice dish, into which they dip their fingers; small heads are put out of the narrow window to look at us, and a dog stands on the gunwale and barks at the unearthly apparition. The tall bamboo mast bends and creaks under a gigantic sail stretched on a yard-arm sixty feet in length, and surmounted by a smaller top-sail; and as the steady breeze bears the vessel at a speed little less than that of the steamer, we have every opportunity, as we slowly pass, of noting its peculiarities.

The next boat we come up with, toiling under a similar press of canvas, is at once seen to be of a totally different construction, although its accompaniments of dwelling-house and decoration are much the same. Its hull is more cumbrous and unwieldly, and prow and stern rise almost sheer from the water, while round its whole length there runs a broad open bamboo veranda nearly level with the water's edge. This is the petroleum or earth-oil boat, specially built for its valuable cargo, and only met with on the larger scale. The rice boat, on the other hand, serves as the model for others used for almost every purpose; and between the huge vessel we have been considering and the light boat with a temporary covering (like boats on the Italian lakes) which serves for a night's journey, there is every variety of size and fitting. Of open boats also there is hardly less diversity, and many are the long journeys taken by a Burmese family party in a narrow open boat loaded with vegetables and other country produce for sale; by the Buddhist monk to a distant monastery or pagoda, rowed by a crew of his scholars or probationers of the order; or by the police patrol on the track of a fugitive.

THE TORNADO.

Within the past fortnight various sections of our Eastern country have been visited by violent storms, causing much destruction of life and property. Such catastrophes are not of infrequent occurrence in the West, and we are familiar with them from hearsay. Recently, however, we have been brought face to face with the destructive power of the tornado. Many points throughout the Northern Atlantic States have suffered a visitation from lightning, wind, and rain such as is without parallel in their past experience.

Among the places where the most fearful havoc was wrought by the storm is the town of Wallingford, Connecticut. Previous to the night of Friday, August 9, Wallingford might have been classed among the most attractive of the many beautiful towns that nestle among the hills of New England. Of the appearance of Wallingford to-day, wrecked and devastated by the fury of the tornado, our readers may form an idea from our illustration on page 688. The situation of the town is peculiar. A large majority of the buildings are situated upon the slope of a low hill called Mount Tom. Beneath lies a level stretch called "the Plain," while at the base of another lies a small body of water called Community Lake. Here are the dwellings of what is known as the Wallingford branch of the Oneida Community. The principal streets of the village proper are called Main and Elm, the latter being shaded by rows of magnificent trees. The residences on these two thoroughfares were many of them very handsome, and built with the taste peculiar to this section of our country.

The gale struck Wallingford first in the immediate neighborhood of the Plain. Here were situated the dwellings of the poorer residents, Wallingford being a manufacturing town, and employing a large number of operatives in her various mills. The peaceful scene, where children were playing, and housewives preparing the evening meal for their husbands—for the gale began about six o'clock—was speedily transformed into one of the wildest confusion. Trees were uprooted and houses torn from their foundations, the débris falling in masses upon their miserable occupants. The fury of the wind was such that it not only overturned every thing in its path, but carried the fragments immense distances. A portion of the furniture of the Catholic church, which was among the first buildings to fall, was found more than a mile away. From the Plain the gale swept upward to the hill, meeting in its course the new district school-house—a building that at the time of its erection cost $70,000. In a moment the roof was torn away, one story fell, and the two that remain are so injured as to be beyond repair. On Main Street the amount of damage wrought was appalling. Handsome churches and elegant residences were transformed into bare ruins by the fury of the blast, while meaner buildings crumbled to the earth. By the time the storm abated, which was in less than half an hour from its beginning, the town appeared as if visited by an earthquake shock.

The amount of property destroyed at Wallingford has been variously estimated, but it is probable that not less than two hundred thousand dollars' worth of damage was done. The loss of life was also fearful. After the gale more than twenty bodies were found, and the number of deaths has since increased to thirty. On Sunday, the 11th, a funeral service was held, and twenty-two persons consigned to their graves. The town is a vast scene of mourning, there being scarcely a family that has not suffered in some measure by the recent disaster. Already large sums have been raised for the needy, while expressions of sympathy are constantly being sent in from all quarters. A catastrophe like that at Wallingford is new in our experience, and adds another to "the dangers that encompass us on every side."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Alexander Agassiz has made an important contribution to the biology of fishes in a paper presented to the American Academy in Boston upon the young stages of certain of the flounders, in which he describes at length the methods by which a number of species of this family lose their vertical position in the water and the bilateral symmetry of the eye which characterizes the very young animal, in swimming with one side down, and with both eyes on the same side of the head.

For the purpose of prosecuting such biological researches Mr. Agassiz has lately completed a superb establishment near his residence at Newport, wherein every device that experience could suggest has been brought to bear for the convenience of investigators. A building 45 by 25 feet has been erected on the side of a bay making up from the entrance to Newport Harbor, and provided with the purest of sea-water by means of a steam-pump, which keeps a tank constantly filled. The tables are covered with a series of tiles of different colors, so that the minute animals of different shades can be the more readily overhauled when emptied upon them. The shelves in the laboratory are all of glass; the tanks are of slate; the conducting pipes are of iron, lined with a composition of rubber, which it is believed will protect them against corrosion. These tables are all well lighted, and are available for students, whom Mr. Agassiz invites to share his facilities. Four persons, in addition to himself, at present occupy the laboratory in prosecuting their special researches. There is probably no one of the many buildings erected here and in Europe for the prosecution of biological research so elegantly and thoroughly equipped as that to which we refer.

Mr. Richard Daintree, a well-known Australian geologist, and for a time agent-general for Queensland, has recently died, in his forty-sixth year.

At present the interest in the Westminster Aquarium is collected about a manatee, which is largely advertised as the original of the fabled mermaid. This supposition is founded on the fact that it rests on its tail, and raises its head and shoulders above-water. The manatees previously exhibited in the zoological gardens of London, like those shown in our own country, have always died after a short period. This animal comes in appropriately to take the place of the last white whale, the acquisition of which, with its predecessor, had cost Mr. Farini such a large expenditure of money.

Commander Cameron, who lately earned such well-deserved fame in connection with his explorations of Western Africa, will, it is said, shortly leave the shores of the Mediterranean, and cross to Kurdistan, thence proceeding through Mesopotamia, Persia, and Beloochistan to Kurrachee.

The death of Professor C. Stål, of the State Museum of Sweden, in the forty-fifth year of his age, took place on the 14th of June, and causes a serious loss to the scientific corps of his country. He was in charge of the entomological portion of the museum, and was well known as the author of many important papers on the hemiptera and orthoptera.

Baron von Ettinghausen, to whose death we referred some time ago, was born at Heidelberg in 1796. Originally professor of physics in Innsbrück, in 1821 he was appointed professor of mathematics at Vienna, and finally became professor of physics in that city and director of the Physical Institute of Vienna, which post he held till his increasing age caused his retirement. Among his publications are his lectures on the higher mathematics. For many years he was editor of the *Journal of Physics and Mathematics*. His son, Baron von Ettinghausen, the eminent Austrian paleontologist, survives him.

It is announced by Dr. Rohlfs that it is not his purpose to explore the Libyan Desert, as has been stated, but he proposes to trace the Shary to its source, and to examine the country between that river, the Benne, and Ogowé. He starts from Tripoli, as he is well acquainted with that region of Northern Africa, and can there best engage trustworthy servants, and obtain suitable beasts of burden. His plan is to cross the Sahara with twelve Europeans and one hundred natives. The expenses of the expedition are estimated at $35,000, of which $12,500 will be furnished by the German African Association.

The death of Rev. W. B. Clarke, another well-known Australian geologist, is announced as having taken place at Sydney.

The experiment of cultivating and maintaining California salmon in enclosed waters promises to be a great success, as shown by the experiments of Mr. N. K. Fairbank, of Geneva Lake, Wisconsin—a gentleman who has been experimenting for several years past upon California salmon, landlocked salmon, white-fish, and other fish. In December, 1875, he obtained from the United States Fish Commission 25,000 young California salmon. Specimens of these were recently caught in Geneva Lake measuring from twelve to fourteen inches in length, and averaging one pound. As these fish are now only about fifteen months old, they will probably reach, by the time of maturity, from three to five pounds.

Some months ago we gave an account of the explorations of a young American, Mr. Herbert H. Smith, on the Amazon, referring to some geographical discoveries made by him, as also to his success in securing a large series of insects.

Mr. Smith left New York on the 6th of July for Brazil, first to complete his work on the Amazon, and then to proceed to the southern provinces of Brazil.

The July number of the Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, published at Cambridge, maintains the high character of its predecessors, a number of important communications on ornithology by competent specialists being embraced within its pages. Not the least interesting and valuable portion of the work is the series of critical notices, by the editors, of recent ornithological publications, and of the more interesting isolated facts, either communicated directly to the Bulletin or scattered through the pages of other periodicals.

Astronomers are much interested in the discovery by Dr. Neison of a new crater on the moon's surface, respecting which several communications have already appeared in the scientific journals. According to a writer in *Nature*, this new phenomenon is described as a deep black crater, three miles in diameter, making its appearance abruptly in a region previously well known, and hitherto presenting nothing of this character. This crater is probably of volcanic origin, although not necessarily recent.

We owe to Mr. S. H. Scudder, of Cambridge, a most valuable *résumé* of the history of American geography in 1877; and we have more recently from his pen a similar account of progress in entomology in North America, for the same year, contained in *Psyche*, the organ of the Cambridge Entomological Club. Deserved credit is given to the biological researches of Mr. W. H. Edwards on the lepidoptera, of Professor Riley and Henry C. M'Cook, of Philadelphia, on the ants, and those of Mr. Gentry and others. Especial commendation is given to the articles by Messrs. Riley and Packard, having direct relation to the Locust Commission, with particular reference to that insect and the modes of protection against it.

In his notes on the fishes of the Delaware River in the last report of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Dr. C. C. Abbot acquits the common eel of the charge of destroying large quantities of ova of other fish, but states that this is a characteristic habit of the lamprey. This fish, which is found occasionally hibernating in the soft mud at the mouths of some of the inflowing creeks, appears to come from the bay or ocean (at any rate, from the lower portion of the river) in immense numbers, early in March, and remains about the rocks at the head of tide-water for some time, as though waiting for the coming shad and herring. With the shad they pass up the river beyond tide-water, and in the rapid, rocky portions of the river, having deposited their own ova, they wander over the breeding grounds of other fishes, and devour every egg they can find. "I have found lampreys in Crosswick's Creek in the mouth of May gathering up the eggs from sunfishes' nests; and several times, when at the shad fisheries, I have taken small lampreys—from five to seven inches in length—that were attached to shad, with their sucking disks (mouths) firmly closed on the vaginal orifice, through which they were sucking the eggs."

TRUFFLES.

Of the many varieties of truffle the black is the most esteemed. Although found under many other trees, it is mostly in the neighborhood of the oak; and the soil which suits it best is dry and calcareous. It disappears on the granitic formation; it prefers the centre and the south of France, and, according to popular opinion, good truffles are only to be got where the wine is good.

Truffle-hunters pay much attention to certain indications which reveal their presence, such as the impoverished state of the herbage, or even its complete absence.

Flies also indicate the habitat of the truffles, hovering over the spot; and this is reckoned so sure a sign that when a proprietor desires to gather a few truffles he allows himself to be altogether guided by the flies. They are of a brownish color, and about as large as houseflies, though more elegant in shape. Poachers, afraid of detection when truffle-hunting with the help of a pig or a dog, quietly avail themselves of the services of these useful flies.

Truffles are discovered, in general, by means of a pig, which hunts against the wind, like the dog, and smells the scent sometimes at the distance of from forty to fifty yards. It goes straight to the truffle, and, turning it up with its snout, looks for the reward of a few acorns. If these be withheld, it grunts disapproval and refuses to hunt.

The truffle dogs, chiefly used by poachers on moonlight nights, are either hairy little terriers or spaniels, which are very fond of their occupation, sometimes barking loudly on the discovery of a fine truffle, or slinking with their tails between their legs when the hunt has been a failure.

In Provence, Poitou, and elsewhere the truffle is reared artificially by sowing acorns from oaks at the foot of which truffles have been found. Many hundreds of acres have been thus rendered productive of truffles. Until they appear the ground is slightly dug in spring and autumn; but when they make their appearance, in the fifth or sixth year, perhaps, only the spring digging is practiced, experience showing that stirring the ground later than May is injurious. Except leaves of the oak and the chestnut, many use no manure. Cutting down or pruning the trees is forbidden, and it is a curious circumstance that the truffle ring enlarges in proportion to the spreading of the roots.

Of its alimentary virtues there is no question, and the testimony of Louis XVIII. should silence those who say that it is indigestible. "What," he one day asked Portal, his physician, "do you think of truffles? I wager you forbid them to the sick." "But, sire, I think them rather indigestible." "Truffles are not what foolish people think," replied the king as he finished a large plate of truffles stewed in Champagne.

Those unable to indulge in such an expensive mode of preparation will rejoice to learn that truffles roasted in the embers are a great delicacy.

Paulet gives this recipe for *truffles à la maréchale:* Wash thoroughly with a brush; put to each a pinch of salt and also of black pepper; wrap them separately in several folds of greased paper; put them in an iron pot or pipkin, and cover them with red-hot embers, taking care to envelop them thoroughly by shaking; let them stand an hour; when served, retain the inner paper case.

"Most certainly," says Mrs. Hussey, "they who only know the truffle as an appendage to full-dress calf's head will acknowledge they were in perfect ignorance of its true merits when they taste it in either of the ways now recommended."

If size and the impossibility of mistaking it for any thing else, combined with eminent edibility, be enough to establish the fame of a fungus, the giant puff-ball (*Lycoperdum giganteum*) should be welcomed at every table, instead of being contemptuously kicked aside as something noxious. The Greeks called it *kranion*, on account of its resemblance to the human skull. When eaten in its earliest stage of growth, when the pulp is white as snow, it is delicious, as we know from repeated trials. Let no one fear to eat it freely. Mr. Cooke, in his *Plain and Easy Account of British Fungi*, writes thus: "A gardener brought us a large puff-ball, equal in size to a half-quartern loaf, and which was still in its young and pulpy state, of a beautiful creamy whiteness when cut. We had it cut in slices about half an inch in thickness, the outer skin peeled off, and each slice dipped in an egg which had been beaten up, then sprinkled with bread-crumbs, and fried in butter with salt and pepper. The result was exceedingly satisfactory; and finding this immense fungus more than we could consume while it remained fresh, we invited our friends to partake, and they were as delighted as ourselves with the new breakfast relish."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is well to look at both sides of a fan. On a "heated" Sunday in Philadelphia recently the minister was fanning himself vigorously. He did not see, but the congregation did, that the reverse of his fan bore the inscription, "Buy Boggle's Bitters."

"I sigh for one glance of your rye," warbled an impecunious fellow as he wandered into a leading saloon a few days ago. He got but a "glance," his range of vision being suddenly transferred to the outer air.

The only difference between an elephant with a broken ivory and a town in Alabama is, one has a loose tusk, Sir, and the other a Tuscaloosa.

Genteel Joke.—The New Orleans *Picayune* informs us that there are more ladies than Gentile men in Salt Lake City.

"What is your religion, Mr. Gibber?" asked the landlady of her new boarder. "Meat three times a day," was the reply that startled the good woman, and put her in a reverie as to whether the man was a heathen, or had misunderstood the question.

"What is the national air of this country?" asked a foreigner in Washington. "That is the national lair," replied a native, pointing to the Capitol, "but the animals are all out in the jungle just now, chasing voters."

A man in Detroit has recently invented an apparatus for arresting and extinguishing sparks. Are the girls going to stand that?

Painful Question by the Sultan.—"Is this Turkey, or is it merely portions of England, Russia, Austria, and other countries?"

A discomfited soldier, who found that he had shot an Indian already defunct, was overheard to murmur, "I didn't know it was Lo dead."

Fashionable Mother. "Maria, I'm almost discouraged. How many times have I told you not to say tater, but pertater?"

Conundrum by Archimedes Johnson.—"Why do de colored man always attrack mo' attention from assemblages ob people dan de white brudder I do? Gib her up?—Kaze de colored gemleman is always de scenter ob de group."

The young man had given his views about every thing to every body for an unendurable half hour, when the old man said, with nice courtesy: "I beg your pardon, Sir, but if you begin teaching every body at eighteen, when do you intend to begin learning any thing?"

"What time is it?" asked a customer of the restaurant clerk, as he settled for his breakfast. "It's a quarter after ate, replied the clerk, as he raked in the cash and twenty-five-cent check.

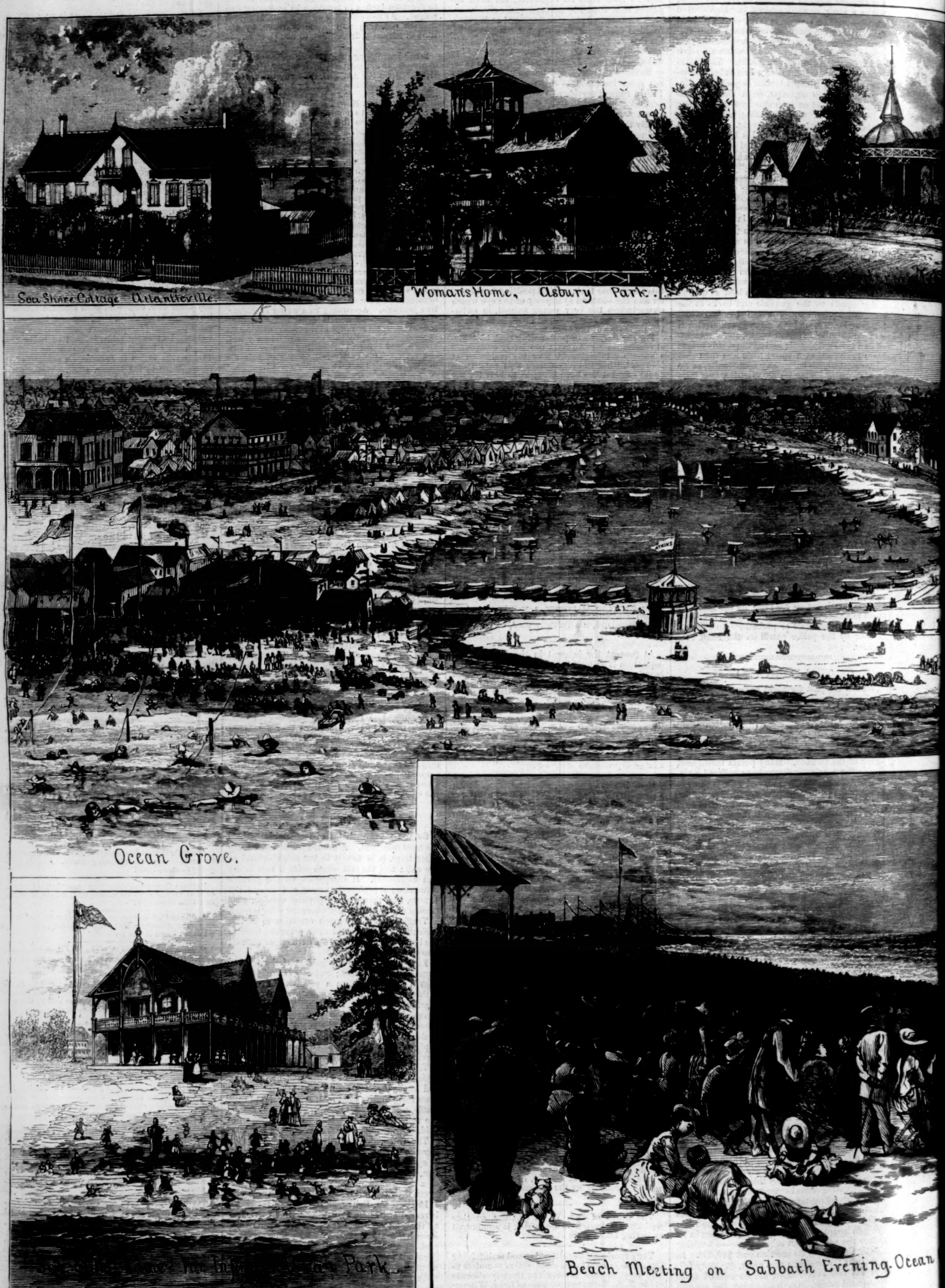
There isn't much difference between an old Roman soldier and a cannibal who has just dined on a nice young female missionary, for the former was a gladiator, and the latter is glad-he-ate-her too.

There is an old lady living less than three miles from this city who firmly believes that more men marry than women.

The fat girl of Iowa, who weighed six hundred pounds, is dead. It used to be her regretful boast that she never sat on a man's knee in all her born days.

They were having a family set-to, and she asked him if there was any thing in the past that he would like to recall, and he heartlessly answered, "Yes, the day you first refused me."

"Sweets to the sweet," said a young man on passing the sirup to a young lady seated at one of our hotel tables. "And beets to the beat," remarked the lady, shoving a dish of that vegetable toward the young man. For some reason the observation cast a settled gloom o'er a countenance that just before was radiant with smiles.



Sea Shore Cottage - Atlanticville.

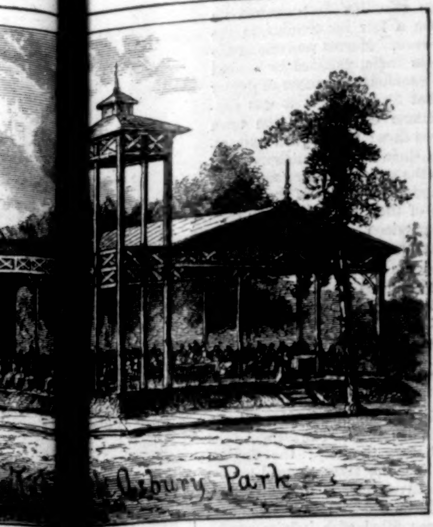
Woman's Home, Asbury Park.

Ocean Grove.

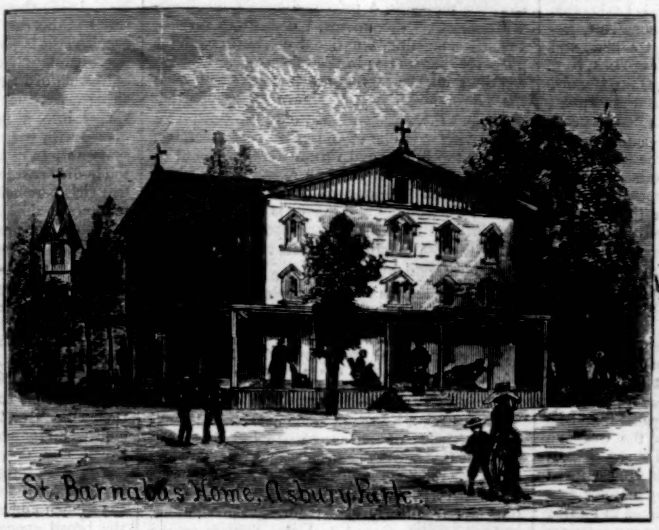
Sea-side Home for Infants, Ocean Park.

Beach Meeting on Sabbath Evening. Ocean

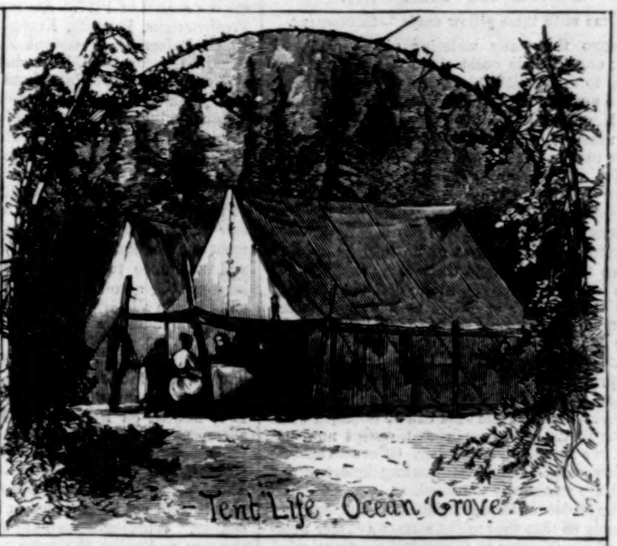
DOWN BY THE SEA—SKETCHES AT OCEAN GROVE, ASBURY PARK, AND OTHER S



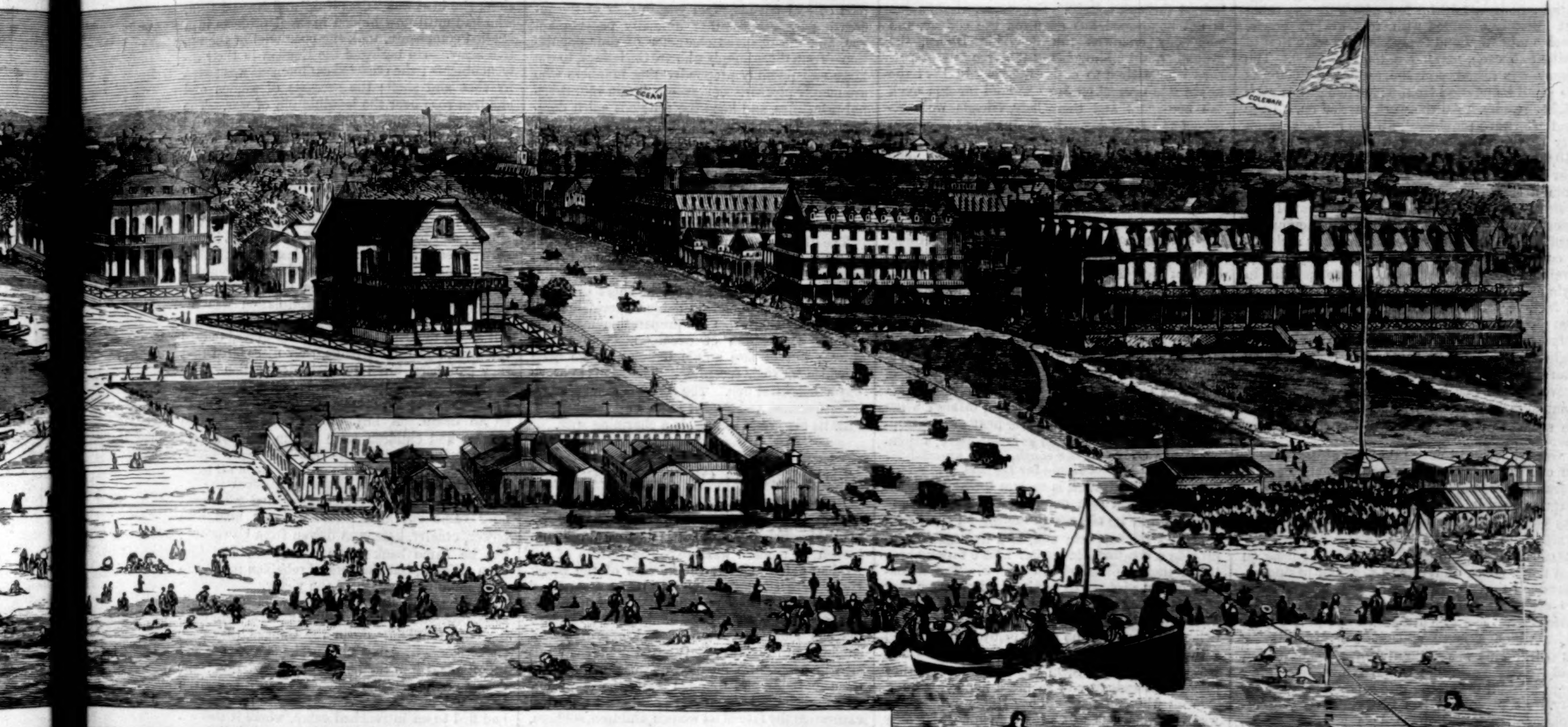
Asbury Park.



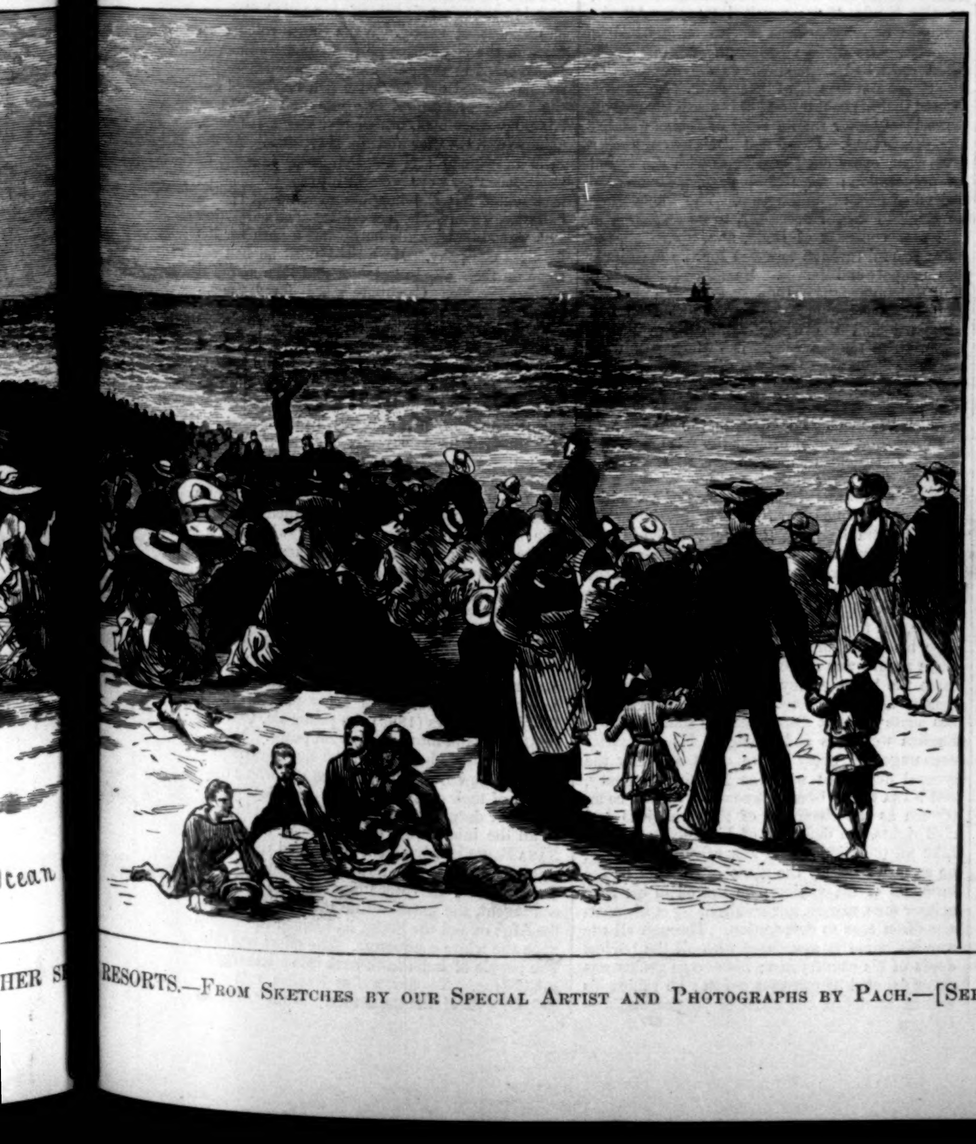
St. Barnabas Home, Asbury Park.



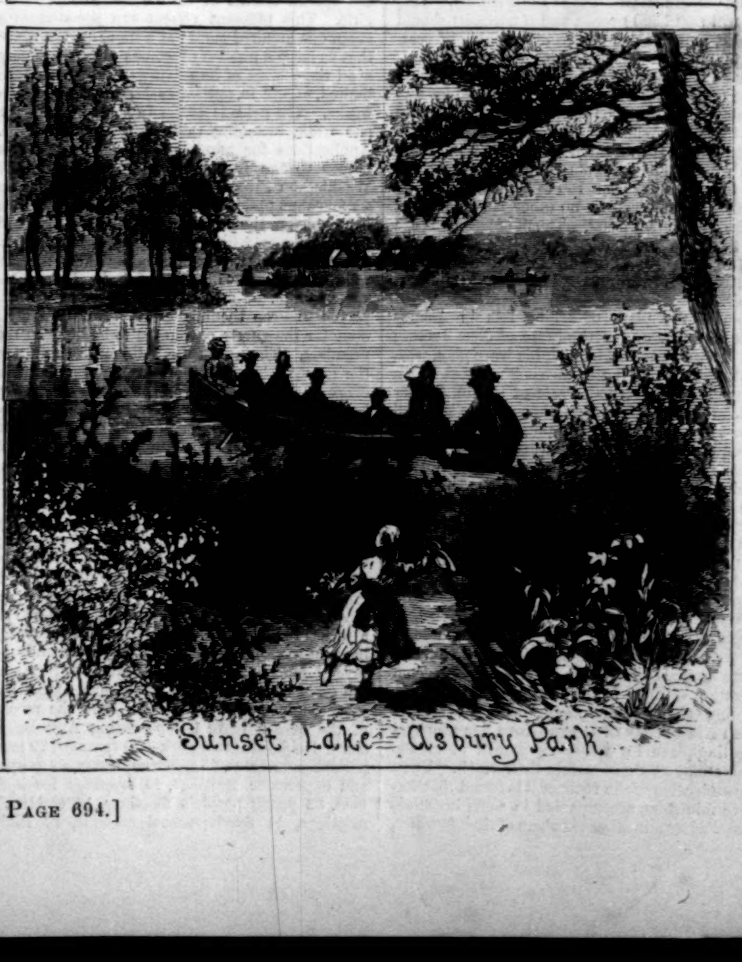
Tent Life, Ocean Grove.



Asbury Park.



Ocean



Sunset Lake, Asbury Park.

HER S RESORTS.—From Sketches by our Special Artist and Photographs by Pach.—[See Page 694.]

DOWN BY THE SEA.

"Come unto these yellow sands."—Shakspeare.

Among the many watering-places scattered along our Atlantic coast there is none more inviting to the sensible pleasure-seeker than Ocean Grove and the points that immediately surround it. Here may be found all the attractions that are usually grouped around a summer resort, while care is taken to exclude every thing suggestive of vice or dissipation. Indeed, Ocean Grove is the result of what was originally a purely religious enterprise. Nine years ago the now populous strip of sand was but a barren waste selected by a few pious Methodists as a spot where they might hold their camp-meetings secure from annoyance and intrusion. At present it is the summer residence of a well-organized community numbering some 18,000 souls. Both here and at Asbury Park may be found the phenomenon of a large sea-side resort conducted on the principle of total abstinence from spirituous liquors. The sale of even lager-beer is prohibited, and nothing of the kind can be obtained within the limits of the settlement, except now and then in a surreptitious manner. Offenders against the law, caught selling intoxicating liquors of any kind, are summarily punished.

The project of improving the old camp-meeting grounds so that they might attract a larger number of worshippers to the annual meetings originated among a faithful few who were any thing but liberally provided with this world's goods. Twelve ministers and twelve laymen were to subscribe $25 each, making a total of $600. The money was raised, and the capital of $600 was the small foundation from which has grown such mighty results. All the work carried on, all the land afterward purchased, all the personal property of the association, now amounting to over $40,000, was derived from the $600. Year by year the attractions increased, until Ocean Grove, from a single cottage built in June, 1870, has grown to a town containing 721 substantial residences and 507 tents. Although denominated "cottages," which term seems to imply a cheaply constructed summer residence, many of the dwellings are grand in proportions and palatial in style and finish, and cost from $8000 to $12,000; in fact, very few erected during the past three years cost less than $4000. Terms for board vary according to location and house—generally higher the nearer one gets to the ocean. Good board and desirable rooms can be had in the grove for $6 per week, while accommodations commanding $20 for the same period of time can be secured by those willing to pay that sum for them.

Our readers will notice that the central sketch on our double page gives equal prominence to Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. The latter enterprise owes its inception to the energy of a single individual—Mr. James A. Bradley, of New York. While upon a visit to Ocean Grove Mr. Bradley visited the large tract of land lying on the north shore of Wesley Lake, and having ascertained that the Ocean Grove Association had no desire to own it, determined to become its purchaser. The sum demanded was $90,000, besides which a large amount was necessary to clear it. This was promptly furnished, however, and Asbury Park, like Ocean Grove, soon grew from a small beginning into a populous summer city. At present it has two church edifices—Episcopalian and Reformed; a Baptist society, recently organized; the Methodist church of Ocean Grove is just beyond its borders; hotels, boarding-houses, stores of every variety necessary to a large population, are established; a free reading-room, open all the year round; a weekly paper with a circulation of over 2400 copies; a post-office; a public hall in the village, and another in the centre of the Park—Educational Hall, being the same name it bore when it stood on the Centennial Grounds at Philadelphia. This hall will seat 1500 people, and if necessity should require, galleries can be erected capable of seating 500 more. There is also one of the best-planned school-houses in the State, the building alone costing nearly $10,000; the school lot was donated, and fronts on three streets, and is 200 feet by 200. Asbury Park was assessed in 1869 for $15,000; the assessed valuation of 1877 was nearly $400,000. Streets running at right angles to the sea are from 100 to 200 feet wide—an advantage possessed by no other sea-side resort on the New Jersey coast. The dépôt grounds are the finest on the Long Branch Division of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and with adjoining streets cover four acres, including magnificent woods.

One of the plans of selling lots in Asbury Park is a new one in the State of New Jersey; it is the well-known Philadelphia lease plan, with the difference that in this case it is expressed in a mortgage. The terms of sale of lots in Asbury Park are as follows: first, when parties buy and do not build, one-third the purchase-money will be required down, balance in five years; second, where the purchaser builds, no money will be required down, but a mortgage can be given, payable in ten years, with the privilege of ten like renewals, making the principal sum due one hundred years hence, the purchaser, however, reserving the right to pay off the mortgage at any time; third, ten per cent. off for cash at time of purchase.

Ocean Grove and Asbury Park open their hospitable arms not only to those who are able to pay well for their accommodations, but to many whose limited means make expense a serious consideration. There is, for instance, an attractive building called "Elim Cottage," where the Ladies' Union Aid Society of Ocean Grove has provided a resting-place for weary clergymen of all denominations at a cost within their reach. Upon an examination of the register it is found that forty-five ministers, accompanied in some instances by their wives and other members of their families, sixty-seven in all, have enjoyed its benefits during the season of 1877. Among these we found Presbyterians, Baptists, Evangelical Lutherans, Dutch Reformed, Protestant Episcopalians, Reformed Episcopalians, Methodists, Quakers, and Congregationalists, coming from New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and the Indian Territory. These have been entertained at a cost varying from $4 to $7 per week—sums, as will be seen, barely sufficient to meet the actual cost of maintaining the table, while the other expenses of matron, help, etc., have to be met by volunteer contributions. The ladies in the management of this interest ask for kindly sympathy and assistance to enable them to enlarge and improve the accommodations, so that they may gather from all parts and from all denominations additional numbers to enjoy the quiet of their Elim rest.

Another most attractive cottage located at Asbury Park is the Sea-side House, belonging to the Woman's Christian Association at Philadelphia. It is located on Heck Street, First and Second avenues. The situation is unsurpassed, and no other building, excepting perhaps the Coleman House, can boast of such beautiful surroundings. Those connected with the Sea-side House insist that it shall not be regarded in any manner as a charity. Working-women are assisted in getting summer recreation, the same as young men are helped through college. Somebody, whose name is not mentioned, has endowed the college, and somebody endowed the Sea-side House, the grounds and building being the free gift of persons who wished to assist others. In 1877 the house was opened on June 23, and for one week the managers and their lady friends were received at $1 per day. From June 30 to September 15 it was filled with regular boarders, the whole number received being 401. The only requisites for admission are that the applicant be dependent upon her own exertions for support, and furnish reference for respectability. The terms are $3 per week in advance. A similar institution to this is the St. Barnabas Home, under the care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, of New York. In addition to their admirable establishment in this city, they also have a building at Asbury Park, where their beneficiaries may enjoy the blessing of fresh air and out-door life during a short season.

The Infants' Home, situated at Ocean Park, is another most praiseworthy institution. This is indeed a charity, and merits the support of all who feel a sympathy for suffering infancy when confined to the city during the heat of our tropical summers. The Home at Ocean Park, adjoining Ocean Grove on the south, is but an offshoot of the Philadelphia Home for Infants. The purpose of the institution is to care for homeless infants; to board at a nominal sum babes whose mothers may be obliged to depend on their own exertions for support; and, in a like manner, to provide a comfortable shelter where fathers may board their motherless little ones. The managers do not propose to retain children after they are old enough to be admitted to other homes. The object is to meet a necessity which is well recognized, but is in no other institution provided for—the care of homeless babies and those whose parents must leave them unprotected while they themselves endeavor to secure a living for both. The lot whereon the Summer Home now stands was the generous gift of Mr. Asbury, the only stipulation being that a suitable building should be erected without delay. This was accomplished last year, and now the institution is fully under way, caring tenderly for a number of helpless babies, whose lives might have been sacrificed during the fierce heat of our present season had such a charity failed to succor them.

The Sea-shore Cottage at Atlanticville, a little to the north of Long Branch, was established for the special benefit of sewing-women and shop-girls. This pleasant retreat can accommodate about one hundred guests at a time; and in order that as large a number of women as possible may avail themselves of its privileges, the visitors are limited, except in special cases, to a stay of two weeks. The price is $9 for two weeks, or $5 for one week, including railroad fares both ways. Applications for admission should be made in person to the Ladies' Christian Union, No. 27 Washington Place, in this city. Upon engaging a room the applicant pays a deposit of $1, which is included in the payment for board. The board bill must be paid in advance, at the Ladies' Christian Union, where receipts and tickets for the railroad passage will be furnished. References are required. The occupants of rooms are expected to keep them in order. No washing is done for the guests, or allowed to be done on the premises. The use of the bath-houses is free to the guests. The Sea-shore Cottage has been in every way a successful enterprise, the only drawback being the necessity of refusing large numbers of applications, on account of the limited number of rooms. Had the cottage been twice as large, it would have been impossible to accommodate all who applied for admission.

We have spoken of Ocean Grove and Asbury Park as summer resorts and places where weary toilers may find rest and recreation, whether in richly furnished cottage or at some plainer building where a generous kindness ekes out the visitor's scanty means. But in spite of its popularity as a watering-place, the old camp-meeting grounds have not lost their religious character, and the care of souls is as earnestly looked out for as in the early days when only a few good Christians gathered here to worship. In 1877 the record of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association showed as its season's work—70 sermons, 79 temperance addresses, 45 other addresses, 42 prayer and experience meetings, 45 meetings for holiness, 32 young people's meetings, 14 children's meetings, 11 Sunday-school services, 10 Bible readings, 7 surf meetings, at one of which there were 13,000 present by actual count; 5 early morning meetings, 4 reformed men's meetings, 4 love-feasts, 3 sacraments, 1 dedicatory service, 1 sunrise meeting, 1 national celebration, and 1 poem-reading service in the tabernacle. Of such meetings all are more or less interesting from the fervor and devotion shown by the participants, but the occasion that would most attract a casual visitor is one of the great surf meetings, held on the beach, and within the very sound of the waves. The effect of an assemblage of several thousand persons thus gathered together by the sea for worship and prayer is solemn beyond description. Even the following stanzas but faintly portray the emotion that must be felt by the most indifferent by-stander:

"Beside the sea the wondering people stood,
  Or sat, or bowed, devotion's earnest throng;
The spirit, lost in worship's attitude,
  Mingled its praises with the billow's song.

"O widening sea! O ever-heaving flood!
  Here on thy margin, where the surges roar,
Thy people rise to Thee, O blessed God;
  They weep, they worship, triumph, and adore."

It has been a source of some considerable anxiety to friends of the association lest the popularity of Ocean Grove as a pleasure resort should affect the religious interests of the place. In his last report President Stokes says: "The question was frequently asked during the summer, and asked with a good deal of solicitude on the part of real friends, 'Can you, in view of the increasing thousands that annually press upon you, and the changed character of your population—from those simply who are Christians, to the large and possibly preponderating numbers who are merely pleasure-seekers—maintain your original principles, and keep the religious spirit dominant?' The question, as thus stated, involves a great deal, and I have considered it carefully. My reply is, 'Yes!' If we, as an association, remain true, then, with God on our side, in the future as in the past, I answer, triumphantly, and a thousand times, 'Yes!' for 'if God be for us, who can be against us?'"

The illustration on our front page shows a party crossing Wesley Lake on the ferry-boat. This runs on Sundays only, as on week-days the number of row-boats on that placid sheet of water would render the crossing liable to accidents.

Formerly there was no preparation made for the accommodation of excursionists to Ocean Grove; but of late ample buildings have been provided for their reception. The trip is in every way a delightful one. The ocean is a never-ceasing attraction, and Sunset Lake, in Asbury Park, with its six green islands, is a charming spot.

THE RISING OF THE SEPOYS.

In the summer of 1857 the news reached England of a rising of the native troops in India, attended by such signal cruelties as were almost unknown to modern warfare. The terrors of the Afghan defeat, almost the horrors of the Black Hole, were surpassed by this latest tragedy of English history. The subtle, dark, implacable Hindoos, the worshippers of demoniac idols, of hideous monsters in wood, and of revengeful shadows in the skies, had turned upon their foreign invaders, in a moment of weak neglect had risen in Delhi, and founded anew the empire of Aurungzebe. All England heard with rage and execration the fate of its women, children, soldiers, at the hands of its revolted troops. All the strength of its resources was to be lavished in recovering its distant conquest. No one asked what right had Englishmen to the treasures of the Mogul and the city of Hyder Ali. No one reflected that his countrymen in India to the natives were little better than a band of robbers seated upon their prey. Fleets and armies were hastily gathered; every dock-yard rang with the sound of preparation; every camp or fortress was deprived of part of its garrison. The whole force of England was, if necessary, to be employed in the new conquest of Delhi, and, above all, the most fearful revenge to atone for the massacres of Cawnpore and Meerut. Meantime the Hindoos and Mohammedans in India seemed for a moment united. A common hatred of the English had almost joined the whole peninsula in league against the foreign rule. The Mahrattas were restless; Scinde was doubtful. The mutineers held the great cities of the Ganges. They were well trained, well armed; had seized English guns, powder, bayonets. Nana Sahib, the savage genius of revolt, hovered around the foreign settlements, and seemed ready to drive the terrified English to the sea.

Nana Sahib was the adopted son of a wealthy rajah, and claimed the throne or presidency of the Mahratta League. At twenty-seven (1851) he was known as a grave, quiet young man, possessed of great wealth, careful always to seek the favor and the advice of the English officials. He was apparently the rightful heir to the Mahratta throne, but the government refused to acknowledge his claim or continue its subsidies. His fierce nature was roused to intense rage; he became the bitter enemy of the English rule. A Hindoo astrologer foretold his future greatness. His acute intellect discovered the sources of the English weakness and strength; his emissaries encouraged in every native court and city the general discontent with the British supremacy, and Nana Sahib became known to all his countrymen as the champion of their religious and civil rights, the defender of his ancestral faith. Like all the Hindoos, he was relentlessly cruel; he seemed to enjoy the scent of carnage or the torments of his victims; he spared in his rage neither men, women, nor children. Yet his courage often rose to desperation. Through all the war his name is associated with all the boldest deeds of his countrymen; his savage genius was never daunted by constant defeat; he rallied his broken armies in the midst of jungles and deserts, and baffled with ceaseless cunning all the efforts of his pursuers. It was at Meerut, in May, 1857, that the rebellion first showed its traits of horror. On a fair hot Sunday, in the evening, the Sepoys rose. Meerut was one of the finest cantonments in India, guarded by several regiments of English soldiers, the scene of gayety and repose. On that fearful night it was converted into a spectacle of horror. The town blazed with countless fires; the English country-seats were in flames, their inmates butchered, and the bodies cast into the streets. Fair young English girls perished under the knives of the Sepoys, mothers in defense of their children. The cowardly or hopeless garrison scarcely interfered. The mutineers next hastened to Delhi, and covered its streets with the dead bodies of the foreigners. The aged king was placed on his ancestral throne once more, and Delhi rang with shouts of joy. The revolt spread every where, and the astonished English seemed scarcely safe in Calcutta itself.

But it was at Cawnpore, the seat of luxury and splendor, that the horrors of the revolt reached their climax, and the savage spirit of Nana Sahib showed all its native brutality. The Ganges rolls broad and deep before the city; the English camp, stretching along the river, seemed almost inaccessible to the native arms. The Sepoys rose; the women and children fled to the intrenchment; the broad space was filled with infinite confusion; the heat was "dreadful," and Nana Sahib, who had until now hidden his real projects in a studied composure, took the command of the native army. He besieged the English in their intrenchments; the crowded cantonment was swept by shot and shell; the screams of women and children rose over the horrible din of war. The siege began June 6, one of the most fearful known to history. The torrid heat beat down upon the level camp, an immense train of artillery in the hands of the enemy covered the besieged with a ceaseless fire. No help came; the barracks were burned; the sick, aged, infirm, were without a shelter; the garrison perished slowly, and happiest he who first died. The enemy suffered severely; but at last came famine, woe, despair; the wail of starving children, the pallid faces of heroic women showed that the end drew near. Then a capitulation was arranged: Nana Sahib promised the English life; but as the mournful, haggard train moved toward the river and their friends, they discovered that they had been lured to their destruction. The boats on which they were crowded were fired upon or sunk. The sick and wounded were burned to death. A miserable throng of English women and children were left in the power of Nana Sahib; when the English army under Havelock approached, he ordered them all to be put to death. Hired assassins entered the inclosure where they were confined, and not a prisoner came out alive. Nana Sahib, mad with power, cruelty, hate, was driven from Cawnpore; but he came back again. Lucknow had just been relieved, but the fires of rebellion sprang up once more in the path of the victor.

As the long line of rescued women and children, protected by Sir Colin Campbell, were moving from Lucknow down the Ganges, they were suddenly assailed by a new peril. Cawnpore had fallen again into the hands of Nana Sahib; the defeat of the English under Windham had given the great city to the rebels; the defeated army had fled to an intrenched camp, where it was exposed to the constant rain of shot and shell, hopeless almost of safety. Nana Sahib ruled once more in the city where he had caused women to be executed in the public square, and where the tree is pointed out against which he dashed out the brains of infants. He was at the head of 25,000 well-trained, brave, and desperate men, chiefly from Gwalior and the Mahrattas. As the train of women and children came in sight of Cawnpore they were brought into the presence of their chief foe, the horrible monster of the rebellion. To save them was Campbell's first aim. The war stopped while he opened a path for his helpless company. He waited until he had set them on their way to Calcutta, and then marched against the foe. Cawnpore was relieved, the enemy beaten with immense slaughter.

Campbell, Lord Clyde, was the chief hero of the war. Victory followed him; he revived the courage of the English; he proved the infinite superiority of the European soldier over the Asiatic. The Hindoos cowered and bent before the relentless energy of the Scottish chief. Yet the war lingered for two years. It was marked by such intense suffering, such arduous labors, as are seldom told or borne. The siege of Delhi is the romance-like exploit of a band of desperate invaders against an enemy tenfold their numbers. The magnificent capital, splendid with palaces and mosques, crowded with fifty thousand native troops, fell after a series of victories. The defense of the feeble garrison at Lucknow resembles some improbable tale of mediæval legend. Cawnpore, covered with the traces of its horrible massacre, fell again into the hands of the English. Nana Sahib fled to the jungle, the companion of the wild beasts he resembled. The rebellion was repressed in every part of India. Within two years (1860) the peninsula, torn and shattered, sank into an apparent peace. Yet the fearful struggle had shown the English conquerors upon how frail a basis rested the whole foundation of their empire, and with what intense dislike their despotic rule was looked upon by nearly all the inhabitants of India. At the call of Nana Sahib nearly all the North had risen in revolt. The wealthy land-owner and the poor ryot, the Brahmin, the Mohammedan, the Mahratta contingent, the garrisons of the Punjab, almost the Afghan and the Sikhs, had joined the assault upon the white conquerors. The effort was vain. The people of India sank back into a lethargy of submission. To-day a few English rule over 240,000,000 of the dark race. Delhi seems as peaceful as London. Young English judges and officials administer the law in the midst of a vast foreign population. The crowded streets of Delhi and Benares admit the foreign merchant. The native princes profess loyalty to the British queen. Yet it is known that an intense discontent prevails among all this immense subject people; the native papers ring with the complaints of the merchants, manufacturers, land-owners, fanatics, priests. However useful in its aim, the English policy fails to satisfy the wants of India. Nana Sahib sought the aid of Persia, Egypt, Russia, Afghanistan, in his vain rebellion. What foreign intrigues or gold inspired his followers is left in doubt.

To hold this distant and dangerous possession, the source of endless wars and burdens, is to be in future the policy of the English Conservatives. The wealth hard won, the blood, the tears, of the Saxon are to be wasted in defending his chief foreign conquest. India is to rule in English politics. A broad highway is to be kept free from the Mediterranean to the Himalayas at the cost of England. Russia and perhaps all Europe are to be restrained by British arms. New fortresses are raised along the path to impoverished India. The wealth of England is to enrich the savage Asian wilds. Like a vision the new empire has sprung up before men; like a vision it may vanish. Already the English people begin to murmur at the mad policy of their rulers, and the cause of popular government may yet profit by the follies of its opponents.

Eugene Lawrence.

THE CHINESE EMBASSY.

On page 696 we give the portraits of the Chinese ambassador, Chun Lan Pin, and his suite, recently arrived in this country for the purpose of settling certain vexed questions in regard to the condition and treatment of the Celestials who have made homes within our borders. The chief difficulty lies in the hostility of certain classes in California, who regard the Chinese with an aversion frequently expressed in acts of lawless violence. The main ground for this hatred is that the yellow-skinned immigrants are industrious and frugal, and willing to work for wages which their enemies would rather starve than accept. This is, indeed, the only true reason of the furious opposition to their presence in California; most of the other objections are as groundless as were the old-time arguments against the emancipation of the Southern slaves. Under the Burlingame treaty the Chinese in this country are entitled to "the same privileges, immunities, and exemptions in respect to travel or residence as may there be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nation," and until that treaty is set aside the government of the United States is bound to protect them in the full enjoyment of those rights.

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN WARFARE.

Our special artist with General Howard's forces sends us the two sketches which appear on page 697. The little "hostile" whose picture is given in one corner of the page was found by our soldiers on the field of battle, July 20. It had been left behind in the hurry and confusion of flight. The little creature, apparently three or four months old, was immediately adopted by its captors, and soon became the pet of the camp.

The other sketch shows the discovery of an old Pi-Ute squaw on July 24. She was a fugitive from the Birch Creek fight, which took place July 8, and had been wandering in the woods since that time. For three days she had been without food. Anxious to avoid capture, she had hidden herself behind a fallen tree, on the approach of the soldiers, and might have escaped discovery but for the snorting of a cavalry horse near the place of her concealment.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 1.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 8.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 15.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 22.—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 29.—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity; St. Michael and All Angels.

The Lambeth Conference, or Pan-Anglican Synod of Bishops, as it is popularly termed, closed harmoniously on Friday, July 26. It accomplished all that could be reasonably expected of it, and enough to entitle its proceedings to respectful consideration. The Anglican Churches being of the reformed faith, can not be adequately represented by bishops. They are not under hierarchical government. In the mother Church the lay power is held by Parliament; in the Churches of the same faith in the United States, Australia, and Canada the laity directly participate, through their delegates, in government. Necessarily, therefore, the resolutions of the Lambeth Conference could be no more than advisory; but the advice coming from so many chief pastors will have the weight which legitimately pertains to their office and personal character. The effect of the meeting of bishops of disestablished Churches with prelates of a state Church will naturally have its effect. The American Episcopalians did not hesitate to recommend their own form of church government. "The patent fact is," said Bishop Stevens, in his closing sermon, "that the bringing in of the laity as a constituent part of the working assemblies of the Church has in the United States and in many of the colonial provinces and dioceses been of the highest value. Intrust the laity with responsibility, and you secure their confidence. Let them realize that the Church leans upon their wisdom as well as upon their purse, and they will show that strong common-sense, knowledge, and discretion which will make them as powerful allies in Church legislation as they are now in Church work."

The result of the proceedings was embodied in a letter to the Churches of the Anglican communion. The most important topic treated in the letter is that of confession. The debate upon it was very animated. The declaration adopted respecting it was opposed by the bishops of Bombay, Cape Town, Bloemfontein, and Colombo. When the vote was taken, the Bishop of Bombay was almost alone in the negative. The essential part of the declaration is contained in these words: "It is their [the bishops'] deliberate opinion that no minister of the Church is authorized to require from those who may resort to him to open their grief a particular or detailed enumeration of all their sins; or to require private confession previous to receiving the holy communion; or to enjoin or even to encourage the practice of habitual confession to a priest; or to teach that such practice of habitual confession, or the being subject to what has been termed the direction of a priest, is a condition of attaining to the highest spiritual life." The Anglican bishops do not, therefore, accept what is commonly known as the Catholic system.

On Saturday, July 27, about three thousand persons assembled in St. Paul's Cathedral to hear the final sermon, which was preached by Bishop Stevens, of the diocese of Pennsylvania. After the sermon the Archbishop of Canterbury delivered a brief parting address. The impression made by the Americans is indicated in the London *Guardian*, the principal Church of England newspaper. They "seem to have commended themselves," says the *Guardian*, "to the good opinion of their brethren at Lambeth by that straightforward simplicity of speech which springs from a practical habit of mind. It is always satisfactory to have to do with men who know what they mean, and who are accustomed to translate their meaning into actions."

Edmond de Pressensé speaks in the strongest terms of the eloquence of the discourses of Father Hyacinthe delivered in Paris this summer. He thinks that the great orator never "seemed grander in his eloquence than he did this year, as he wielded it like an all-powerful lever, raising a whole assembly into sympathy with himself." Nor were distinguished hearers wanting; on the benches might be found such men as Jules Favre, himself an orator, and Henri Martin, the historian. The creed of Father Hyacinthe, as stated by him in these discourses, contains the essence of Protestantism. He includes in his statement an elective episcopate, the universal priesthood of Christians, the abolition of compulsory celibacy, public worship in the vernacular tongues, and the attainment of Church unity by free federation. He appears, however, to hold other beliefs not logically consistent with those here named.

Two cultivated Christians who made a distinct impress upon their generation have passed away—Dr. John H. Raymond, the president of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, and Mrs. Prentiss, wife of the Rev. Dr. Prentiss, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Dr. Raymond had spent a long life in teaching, first as professor of rhetoric and English literature in Madison University, then in the same chair in the Rochester University, again as the organizer of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and finally in the post which he held when he died. As the organizer of Vassar College, he was entirely successful. He literally wore himself out with work. Mrs. Prentiss is best known by her very readable religious stories, one of which, *Stepping Heavenward*, has circulated to the extent of 50,000 copies. She was the daughter of Edward Payson, of Portland, whom she resembled both in fervor and genius.

A beautiful letter from William Cullen Bryant has come to light since his death. It was written to Dr. J. H. Vincent in relation to the Chautauqua lectures, and expresses very well our poet's sense of the essential harmony of revelation and science. "There is an attempt," says the letter, "to make science, or a knowledge of the laws of the material universe, an ally of the school which denies a separate spiritual existence and a future life; in short, to borrow of science weapons to be used against Christianity. The friends of religion, therefore, confident that one truth never contradicts another, are doing wisely when they seek to accustom the people at large to think and to weigh evidence as well as to believe." The depth and sincerity of Mr. Bryant's religious convictions, as they have been revealed since his death, are helping and will help to endear his memory to the American people.

The American College at Rome is an important institution, wherein students are trained under the eye of the Congregation of the Propaganda for the priesthood in the United States. The late head of the college, Dr. Chatard, was made Bishop of the diocese of Vincennes; at a recent Conference of American Catholic bishops, Cardinal M'Closkey presiding, the Rev. Louis E. Hostelot was chosen president of the college to succeed Bishop Chatard. The new president is thirty-two years of age, and went to Rome from the diocese of New York.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this." The public announcement of the opening of Andover Seminary contains these sentences: "Aid from the seminary funds, $100 a year; from the American Education Society, $100, if the funds of the society will allow. Extra aid given in cases of sickness or special need. Furnished rooms and instruction gratuitous." All this is well; certainly it is well intended. In the same newspaper column from which this is taken there is another announcement: "Ministerial Bureau for Congregational Churches.—Our specialty is to assist churches in procuring a pastor. A large number of ministers' names now registered with us." The registered ministers are, of course, unemployed; the question is pertinent whether the system of bounties to divinity students does not fill the ranks of the ministry faster than use for the men can be found. A sort of labor exchange for ministers without occupation may be a necessity, but it is a very painful necessity.

The many contributors to the funds of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will be gratified to learn that there is a reasonable hope of closing its current year without debt. The present arrearage reaches $40,000, but if money comes in as rapidly for the next two months as during the same period of 1877, the deficiency will be covered. The largest recent gift to the treasury was received from one of the board's elder missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. He is the owner of land which has become valuable as a sugar plantation.

One good effect of the paying of the debt of St. Ann's Protestant Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, will be that it now becomes a free-seat church. The gift of $70,000 is conditioned on making this change. The new system will go into effect on November 1. This fine edifice will thus be open to all comers—a happy result indeed of the troubles of the congregation.

No residents of the East have shown a more intelligent judgment of the Turkish question than the American missionaries stationed in Constantinople and Asia Minor. Their opinions have been quoted with honor by Earl Beaconsfield in the discussions to which the Berlin Treaty has given rise. In a recent lecture on "The Changes in the Turkish Empire" the Rev. Dr. George Washburn, president of Robert College, Constantinople, expressed the belief that "New England and its missionaries have been potent in the origin of the recent war. During the fifty years past our travellers and missionaries have infused into the down-trodden and dispirited people self-respect, consciousness of rights, and energy to assert them." Dr. Washburn thinks that the securing of toleration for the converts from Mohammedanism by the Berlin Congress will open the way for Christian missions to the Mohammedan world.

The British Wesleyan Conference organized at Bradford by the election of Dr. James H. Rigg, principal of the Westminster Training School, as president. The important Chapel Fund Committee reported that 416 erections of churches and ministers' houses have been entered into during the year, at a cost of £306,027; in addition 358 erections of churches, parsonages, and organs had been completed, whose cost was £440,066. Most of these large amounts had been raised by voluntary contributions. The numbers of Wesleyans in England and its dependencies are: Great Britain, 410,352; Ireland, 20,739; foreign missions, 91,733; Australia, 62,683; Canada, 120,797; New Connection, 28,363; Primitive Methodists, 181,018; United Methodist Free Church, 79,981; Wesleyan Reform Union, 7655; Primitive Wesleyans of Ireland, 6940; Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, 116,016, to which may be added the French Conference, 1982—making a total of 1,128,259.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A very important sanitary movement has recently been made by the society known as the "Irvington Neighbors," composed of citizens residing upon or interested in real estate in the vicinity of Irvington-on-Hudson and Dobb's Ferry. The originator of this society was Cyrus W. Field, and many of its members are gentlemen well known to be interested in all matters pertaining to the public weal. The general objects of this society are the promotion of highway, sanitary, and educational improvements in the neighborhood. But the prevalence of malarial diseases in the vicinity has been so great for several years that it has been deemed necessary to take special measures in regard to it. Arrangements have been made for engineering experts to ascertain the exact sanitary condition of the locality, and it is hoped that this will lead to the removal of all preventable causes of malaria. At the present time properly applied scientific measures will change unwholesome localities into healthful ones; and specific legislation should make it the duty of the local authorities of every town or village to apply the laws of science for the removal of disease-producing causes.

The waters about New York do not appear to be wholly safe for bathers. While a Brooklyn boy was indulging in a plunge in the East River, a few days ago, he was seized by a shark and severely bitten. He was taken to a hospital, where he died on the 15th of August. The same day another enormous specimen of the same finny tribe was caught on the shores of Long Branch; and a day or two afterward a third shark was captured near Verplanck's Point, on the Hudson. These events have rendered bathing less popular for the time being among the young folks.

The *Evening Post* gives a most pleasant sketch of a picnic breakfast given to sixty-one poor children by a gentleman who owns a fine house and grounds about five miles from Albany. These sixty-one children were beneficiaries of the "Fresh-air Fund," and were on their way to temporary homes in Delaware County, where they will enjoy for a little while real country life. Preparations were made by the generous gentleman above mentioned to meet these children with wagons midway on their route, and give them a good breakfast beneath the shade of fine old trees on the beautiful lawn. The hungry little ones will not soon forget that bountiful feast.

Recently the English Post-office Department wanted a few women as clerks, and advertised for them to call between ten in the morning and noon. Three thousand women applied, and the street was blockaded for two hours.

Five real American Indians are now enjoying the sights in Paris, and Paris also looks at them.

Four burglars have been recently captured by the Brooklyn police, at least two of whom are well-known and old offenders. They were discovered in an elegant house in the suburbs of Brooklyn, where they were living in luxury upon their ill-gotten spoils.

Yellow fever continues to rage at New Orleans, and has also appeared at Grenada, Mississippi. It is supposed that the disease was carried to the latter place from New Orleans, as it is crowded with refugees from the stricken city. Grenada is quarantined, and only physicians and nurses are allowed to enter the place.

An enthusiastic welcome was extended to the victorious Columbia College crew on their return to this city. Just off Governor's Island they were transferred from the ocean steamer to the little excursion steamer chartered by the alumni of the college for the occasion, and brought to this city amid cheering and music. The carriage waiting for the victors on the dock was quickly unharnessed, ropes attached, and a party of Columbia men drew the crew, amid much congratulatory applause, to Delmonico's, in Fifth Avenue, where a banquet awaited them.

Many of the smaller varieties of fish have been found dying and dead upon the banks of the Connecticut River. Their destruction is somewhat a mystery, but the most plausible explanation offered is that recent heavy rains have washed the valley farms, upon which Paris green and other destructive substances had been used to kill the potato-bug and other insect enemies of vegetation, and that sufficient poison has reached the river to destroy many of the fishes.

The London *World* states that the Queen rarely accepts presents from her subjects in the United Kingdom, but that she has made a recent exception to this rule. "A gentleman begged her Majesty to accept some Cyprus wine upward of 300 years old, and her Majesty has graciously acceded to his request. It may be mentioned that 'Commandery' wine of Cyprus, the best *cru* in the island, is not fit to drink till at least fifty years old, when it is in perfection. It is even then so strong that it is drunk out of small liqueur glasses."

A good thing was lately accomplished by the Philadelphia police in arresting 276 unkempt, unwashed, but vigorous tramps, who infested the city. They will be put to work in the quarries and on the farms on the House of Correction estate. The police of all cities might well follow Philadelphia's example.

Relics of George Washington, which have been purchased of the Lewis family of Clark County, Virginia, at an expense of $12,000, were recently received in Washington, and have been taken into the custody of the Department of the Interior, being placed under the special charge of the Commissioner of Patents. All these relics have been in possession of the Lewis family ever since the death of General Washington, and are in an excellent state of preservation. Among the articles is a half-length portrait of Washington, which has been regarded in the family as the best likeness ever painted.

Within the last fifteen years the number of female students entered for the courses at the Faculty of Medicine in Paris has been thirty-two. Nine of these have graduated.

In the *Medical Record* a specific is given for the troublesome eruption produced by the poison ivy so common in our woods. This specific is bromine, which has been successfully used in at least forty cases. The bromine is dissolved in olive-oil, cosmoline, or glycerine, in the strength of from ten to twenty drops of bromine to the ounce of oil, and the mixture rubbed gently on the affected part three or four times a day. The bromine is so volatile that the solution should be renewed within twenty-four hours from its preparation. The eruption never extends after the first thorough application, and it promptly disappears within twenty-four hours, if the application is persisted in, and the patient is entirely cured.

The island of Cyprus seems to be unfortunately situated as far as climate is concerned. It suffers from the cold of Karamania, and from the hot siroccos of Syria, so that the heat in summer is described as intolerable, and the winter is generally one continued torrent of rain. Fever, also, is prevalent in the island, and the plague of Egypt sometimes appears.

Under the supervision of the Sick Children's Mission of the Children's Aid Society, during the month of July, medical attendance, medicine, and food have been supplied free to 738 children and 67 parents. Physicians have made 2360 professional visits, over 1240 medical prescriptions have been filled, and much nourishing food distributed. In addition to this needful charity, since the 1st of June, 39,500 bouquets have been received at the Mission, and distributed to the sick poor in tenements, hospitals, and charitable institutions.

Morocco is suffering with famine. Three million of people there are lacking food. The natives are dying in the street. The American consul at Tangier writes: "The suffering is indescribable. It seems to be an extension of the great famine in India." Relief societies are being formed in various places in the afflicted country, as well as in England, France, Spain, and America.

It seems that it takes very little to "excite rebellion and disturb public peace" in France. The publisher of *La Lanterne*, in Paris, has been fined five hundred francs for placing a Phrygian cap on the top of a flag-staff in front of the office of the paper on the day of the national fête. Parisians are susceptible. This exhibition was regarded as tending "to excite rebellion and to disturb the public peace."

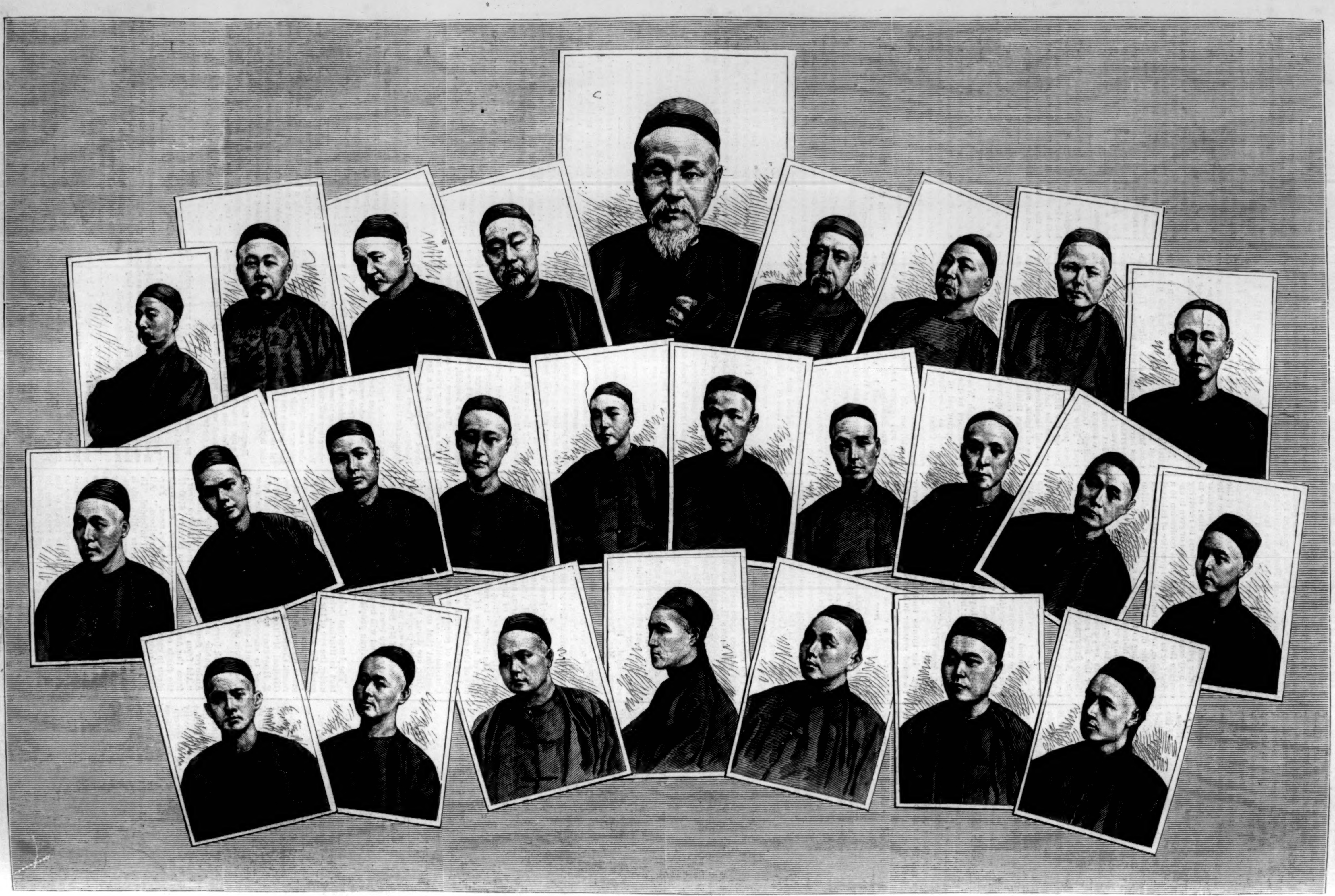
It is related of the late Professor Henry that he was once sitting on the wharf at Rouse's Point dreamily watching a Lake Champlain steamer, when he happened to notice a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer. His acute scientific sense was at once on the alert for an investigation. As he was watching the flashes of light, first upon one side of the steamer and then upon the other, a Customs inspector approached and asked: "Looking at them flashes?"

"Yes," said the professor. "I wonder what they are?"

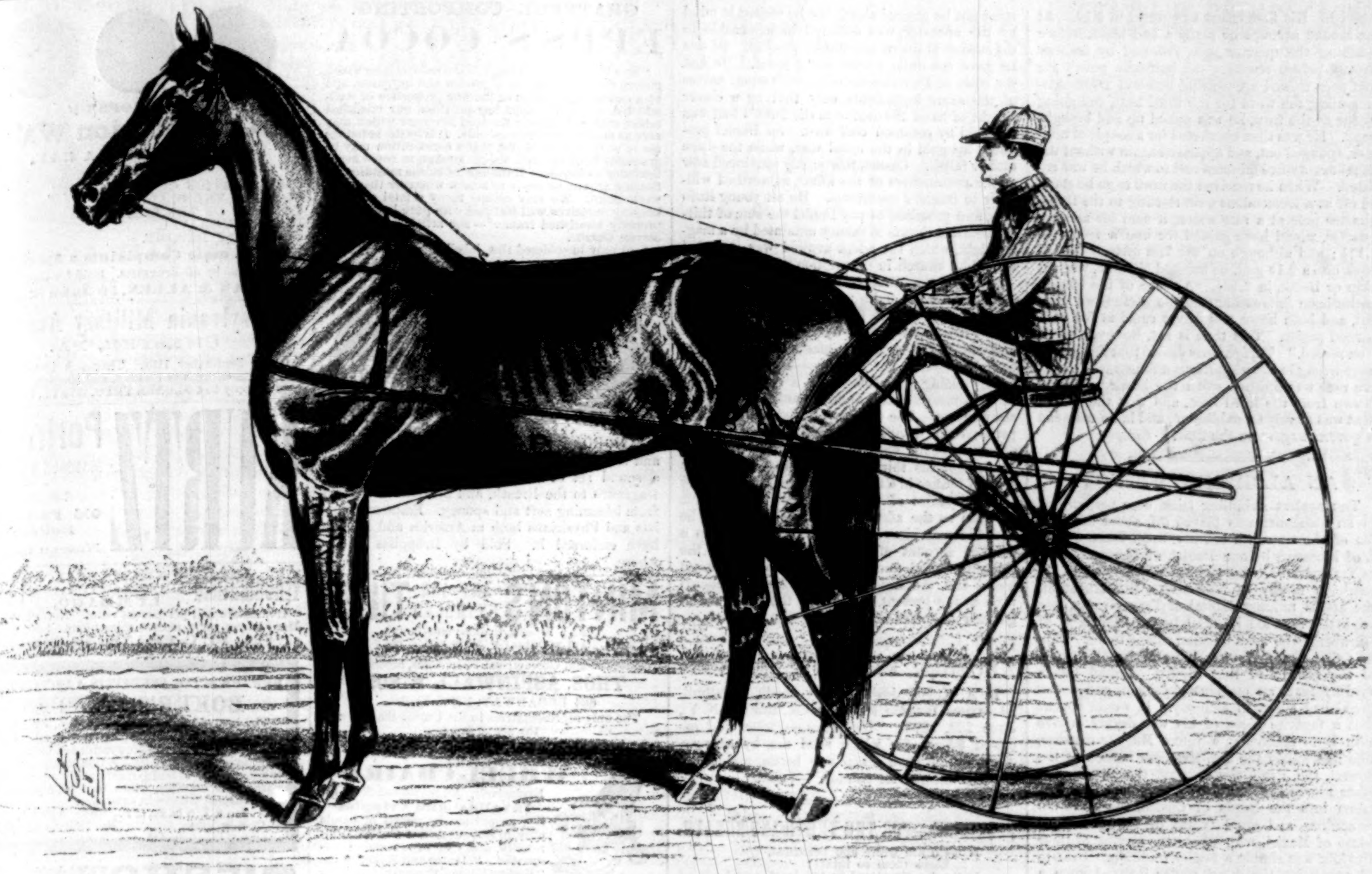
"Oh, them's hot ashes they are throwing out of the ash-pits."

The professor was nonplussed for a moment; then saying, quietly, "Well, well, live and learn—live and learn," he lapsed into silence.

Two Minnesota tramps, under cover of the darkness, one night not long ago entered a wheat field, where a self-binding harvester had been at work during the day, and deliberately piling the newly cut grain about the machine, prepared to cremate both grain and harvester. Unfortunately for the success of their plans, the owner, whose suspicions had been aroused during the day, happened upon the scene, with a double-barreled shot-gun, just as they applied the torch, and with great impartiality gave each the contents of a barrel. Result—two dead tramps and a little damage to the grain. The farmer hurried to Faribault after the deed, and gave himself up to the authorities; but instead of being detained, was told to go back to his farm, and if another such attempt to destroy his property was made, to serve the perpetrators in a like manner.



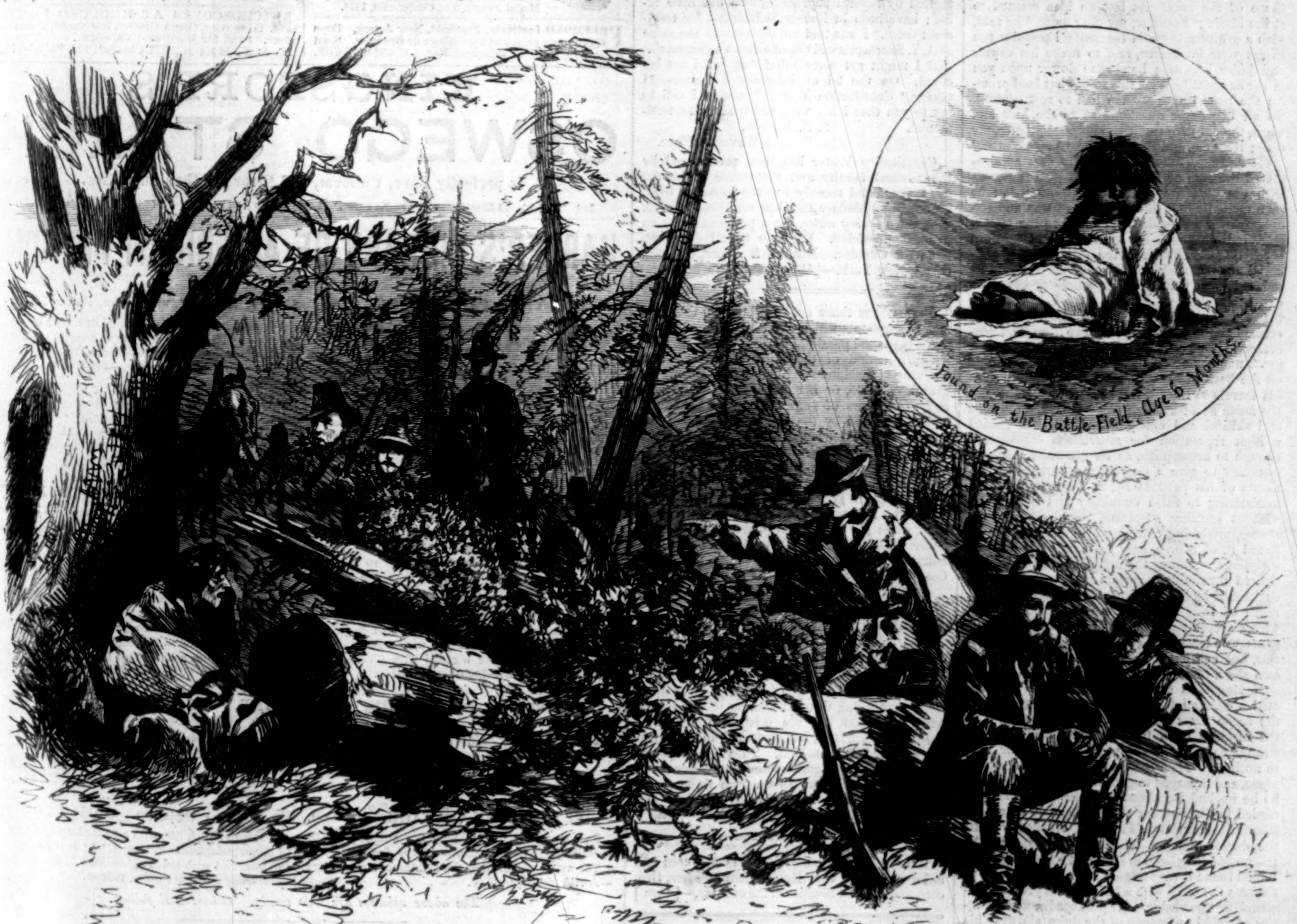
HIS EXCELLENCY CHUN LAN PIN, FIRST CHINESE AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES, AND HIS SUITE.—Photographed by Bradley & Rulofson, San Francisco.—[See Page 695.]



THE TROTTING HORSE RARUS.—[Sketched from Life by Henry Stull.]

THE CELEBRATED TROTTER RARUS.

The subject of the above sketch first became prominent as a trotter in 1874, when he made for himself a record of 2.28¼. The following year he was very successful in his races, and lowered his record to 2.20¾. The next season (1876) he won almost every race he started for, and reduced his record still further to 2.20. In 1877 he trotted a mile in 2.16, and lapped out Goldsmith Maid in a heat trotted in 2.14½, when he was evidently not driven out. Such was his well-known speed that nearly all the prominent trotting associations deemed it best to bar Rarus from participation in ordinary contests, giving instead a special purse for his benefit. In one of these exhibitions of speed at Buffalo, August 3, he electrified the trotting world by trotting a full mile in harness in 2.13¼, thus eclipsing the great performance of the little mare Goldsmith Maid, whose record of 2.14 had stood at the head of the turf for over three years. Rarus is a bay gelding, standing a trifle over sixteen hands high, with two white hind-feet and a crooked blaze in his forehead. He was bred by his present owner, Mr. R. B. **Conklin**, of Greenport, Long Island, and has been trained and driven by **John Splan** since he has shown his unparalleled speed. Concerning the pedigree of Rarus but little is known. He was sired by a horse known as **Conklin's** Abdallah, whose origin is also doubtful. His dam's pedigree is also unknown. Concerning this last achievement of this "king of the trotters," a few items may be interesting. The day, track, and condition of the horse were all that could be


Found on the Battle-Field, Age 6 Months

INCIDENTS OF INDIAN WARFARE.—From Sketches by our Special Artist.—[See Page 695.]

desired. His first effort was timed in 2.17. At his second attempt he made a bad break before reaching the quarter pole, followed by another shortly before reaching the half-mile pole. He was then slowed up, trotting home in 2.50. After getting the word for the third heat, and going as far as the turn, he was pulled up and brought back. He was then blanketed for a couple of minutes, sponged out, and appeared again without the usual twenty-five minutes rest to which he was entitled. When he received the word to go he started off at a tremendous gait, trotting to the three-quarter pole at a rate which, if held for another quarter, would have gained for him a record of 2.11¼; and although on the last quarter he fell back into a 2.19 gait, he finished his mile, without skip or break, in 2.13¾. A scene of the wildest enthusiasm followed among the vast crowd present, and both horse and driver came in for well-earned praise. This time is not, however, to go "on record." Turf experts decide that the judges were wrong in allowing Rarus a fourth trial; that the race was finished when the horse was withdrawn from the third heat, and that the fourth heat was merely an exhibition, and in no case can it govern wagers on the time.

AN ALCHEMIST'S TRICK.

The neatest swindling trick ever perpetrated by an alchemist was played off, about the middle of the sixteenth century, upon Duke Cosmo I. of Florence, by one Daniel, of Hermannstadt, in Transylvania, who was descended from an old patrician family of Nürnberg. Hermannstadt, the actual military capital of Transylvania, was originally founded in 1140 by one Hermann, of Nürnberg, who led a German colony there. Daniel's first Transylvanian ancestor had been one of the leaders of that colony. Daniel was a wealthy man, an eminent physician, and a distinguished adept in alchemy. It would appear that a favorite niece of his was deeply in love with Rufo Szechenyi, a young Magyar cavalier, who had joined the anti-Medician faction of the Strozzi, the Pazzi, the Salviati, the Ridolfi, and other Florentine families. The young man had fallen into the hands of Cosmo, the most unscrupulous and cruel tyrant of the murderous house of Medici, with whom the slaying of their kinsfolk was simply a family tradition. Deaf to all entreaties, the ducal trader insisted upon a ransom of twenty thousand ducats, keeping the unhappy young Magyar meanwhile confined in the Bargello of Florence *in carcere duro*. When the sorrow-stricken bride of the prisoner made an appeal to her wealthy uncle to assist the Szechenyi family in raising this enormous sum, the old doctor pondered long and deeply. He was a wise man. He distrusted the wily ruler of Florence, fearing lest the huge ransom once paid, wholly or in part, the unscrupulous Cosmo might devise some scheme of creeping out of his share of the pact. At last an idea seemed to strike him. "Patience, my dear niece," he said, with a grim smile, "and fear not; I promise you to set your lover free, and to make his captor and jailer bestow a handsome dower upon you in the bargain." With this somewhat bold promise the poor young woman had to rest content. To all her eager questions as to the how and when, the old man replied, simply, "Patience, my dear; trust me, and you will not be disappointed."

He set cheerfully to work. He first amalgamated the sum of four thousand golden ducats with the requisite quantity of quicksilver; he then melted about thirty pounds of wax and colophony over a slow fire, and added to the melted mass coal dust sufficient to give the whole a deep black tinge. This he mixed with the auro-mercurial amalgam. When the mixture was cold he reduced it to powder. The whole process was extremely simple. Master Daniel had now a black powder of no apparent value, yet which contained the gold of about two thousand sovereigns. This powder he packed carefully in a great number of card-board cases, put the whole on the back of his sumpter-mule, and set out on his travels to Italy. Here he wandered through the north as a travelling physician. Experienced and skillful and crafty withal, he soon gained a high reputation for marvellous cures—easy enough to accomplish, as he generally managed somehow to give a desperate aspect to the ailments of his patients by, in the first place, administering to them cunningly and deftly, and without exciting suspicion, some noxious substance, producing alarming symptoms, which he found it, of course, easy to remove by his prescriptions. Among the ingredients of the latter figured invariably a certain powder, ingeniously christened by him *usufur*. No apothecary in the north of Italy had ever heard of this powder, which accordingly could not be supplied. The great wonder-doctor expressed astonishment at this, but consented to add the article from his own store.

Having thus achieved a reputation and created a demand for usufur, he disappeared from the scene for a time; but he soon returned in the disguise of a German drug peddler, who, strange to say, sold the powder usufur for next to nothing. Then the doctor came again on the scene, and managed to get back his costly powder. So he worked for about two years, when he succeeded in distributing the whole stock of usufur among the druggists of Florence. He then dropped the doctor and put on the adept instead. As Cosmo had long been in search of the great secret, Daniel found it easy to gain access to him, and to impress the duke with a belief in his profound alchemistic knowledge. He produced a small quantity of gold in presence of the duke, allowing his Highness to procure and supply all the ingredients, among which figured also the powder usufur, easily obtainable then for a few pence. The ingredients altogether came to about a ducat, to produce solid gold to the value of fifty ducats. A cabalistic formula, which the adept pretended must not be uttered aloud, but be recited in mind by the operator, was declared indispensable to the success of the transmutation process. Of this he gave the duke a convincing proof. He and the ruler of Florence operated with equal halves of the same ingredients, only that by a clever sleight of hand the usufur in the duke's half was replaced by common coal dust. So Daniel produced his gold in the usual way, while the duke utterly failed. Cosmo, thoroughly convinced now of the genuineness of the affair, subscribed willingly to Daniel's conditions. He set young Rufo free, and promised to pay Daniel the sum of thirty thousand ducats in money untainted by a magic origin, which the adept avowed was intended to build a church in redemption of his soul.

The first condition being fulfilled, and young Rufo out of the duke's clutches, Daniel taught the duke the potent formula; and, behold! the next experiment—made by the duke, alone and unaided, and upon a large mass of matter, as per the wondrous adept's recipe—succeeded most fully, yielding something like a clear profit of three thousand ducats upon an outlay of less than sixty ducats. The duke, overjoyed, and dreading perhaps the devil's vengeance if he played the adept false, for once in his life kept his word. Daniel got his thirty thousand ducats, and was sent to France in a ducal sedan-chair, escorted by two companies of the duke's own body-guard. As soon as the adept found himself all safe, he had the matchless effrontery to send Cosmo a detailed account of the swindle. He gave the thirty thousand ducats as dower to his beloved niece, and the descendants of Rufo Szechenyi rank to the present day among the most distinguished magnates of Hungary.

ANOTHER FAT MAN REDUCED.

H. A. Kufus, dealer in dry goods, Woodhull, Ill., writes Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y., June 22d, 1878: "*Gentlemen*,—Please find enclosed $5 00, for which send me, by express, Anti-Fat. I have taken one bottle, and I lost five and one-quarter pounds."—[*Com.*]

FLORILINE—FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact;
If they're discolored in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"
—[*Com.*]

New York, *March* 1, 1878.

Messrs. Morgan & Allen:

Gentlemen,—For the past two years I have been afflicted with disease of the prostate gland, attended at times with intense pain; have been treated by several physicians, with but little relief; have been in Roosevelt Hospital for treatment there. I was told my disease was the same as A. T. Stewart's and Commodore Vanderbilt's; that I might get some relief, but could not be cured. On the 2d of February I commenced taking "Constitution Water;" to-day I call to say to you that I am well, and tender this testimonial.

E. H. Morton,
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Constitution Water has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For sale by all druggists. Send for Circular. Morgan & Allen, 59 John Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred those obscure complaints which make life miserable and are a perpetual puzzle to medical men, arise from sluggish action of the kidneys, or deposit in the urinary machinery. Neglected or maltreated gravel, diabetes, or Bright's disease is induced, and, after years of suffering, nature succumbs, and accelerated by the common treatment the patient dies. Science has discovered in "Constitution Water" a resolvent and alterative of tremendous power, which, exhibited in small doses, effectually relieves the system from all those incipient germs of lasting disease which attack the kidneys, bladder, and reproductive organs, while for female irregularities it proves a never failing specific. Tasteless as well as diminutive in doses, 40 drops being a maximum, Constitution Water never fails to cure.—[*Com.*]

"LAUGH AND GROW FAT."

This ancient bit of advice is well enough for "spare" people, but how about those that are already too fat? What is to become of them? Sit still, and I'll tell you. After many experiments, extending through months of patient investigation and toil, the celebrated analytical chemist, J. C. Allan, has perfected and given to the world Allan's Anti-Fat. Thus far, in several hundred cases, this great remedy has never failed to reduce a corpulent person from three to six pounds per week. It is perfectly harmless and positively efficient. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

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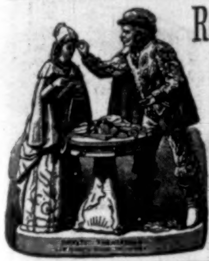

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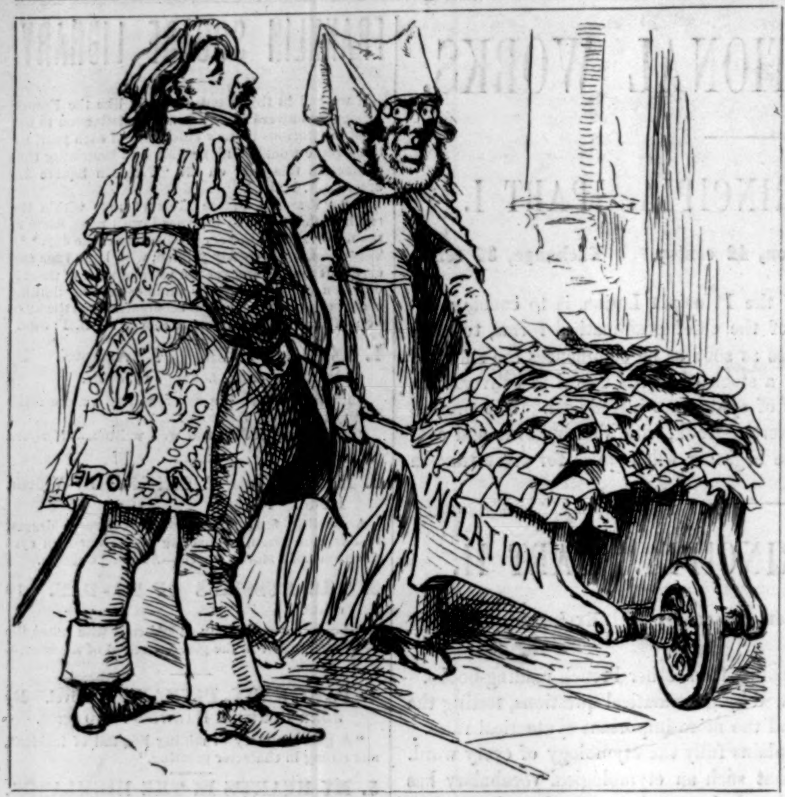

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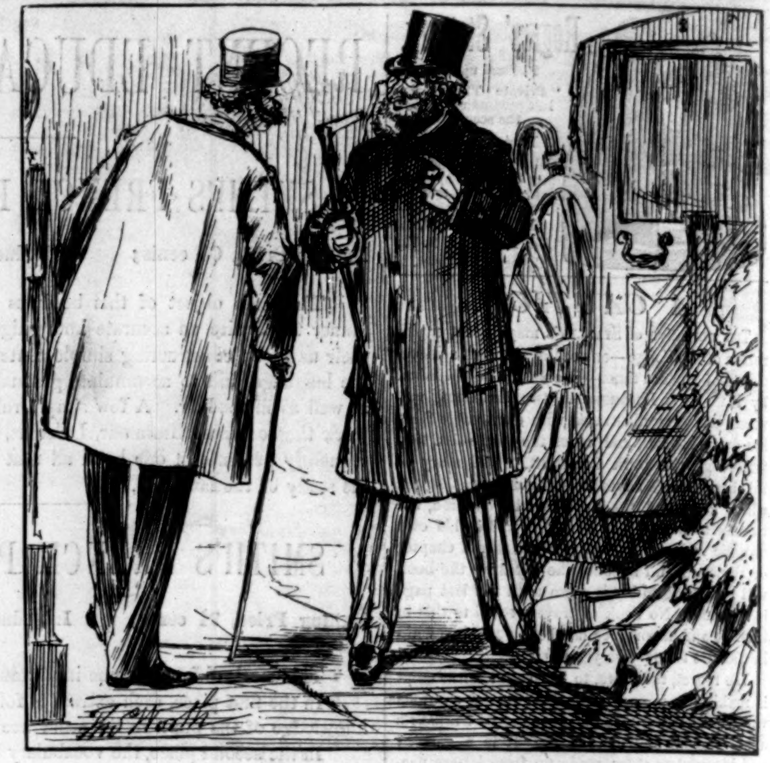

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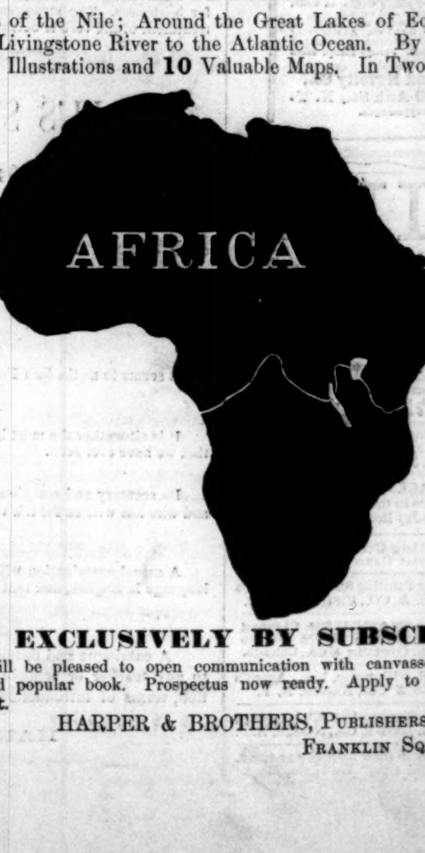

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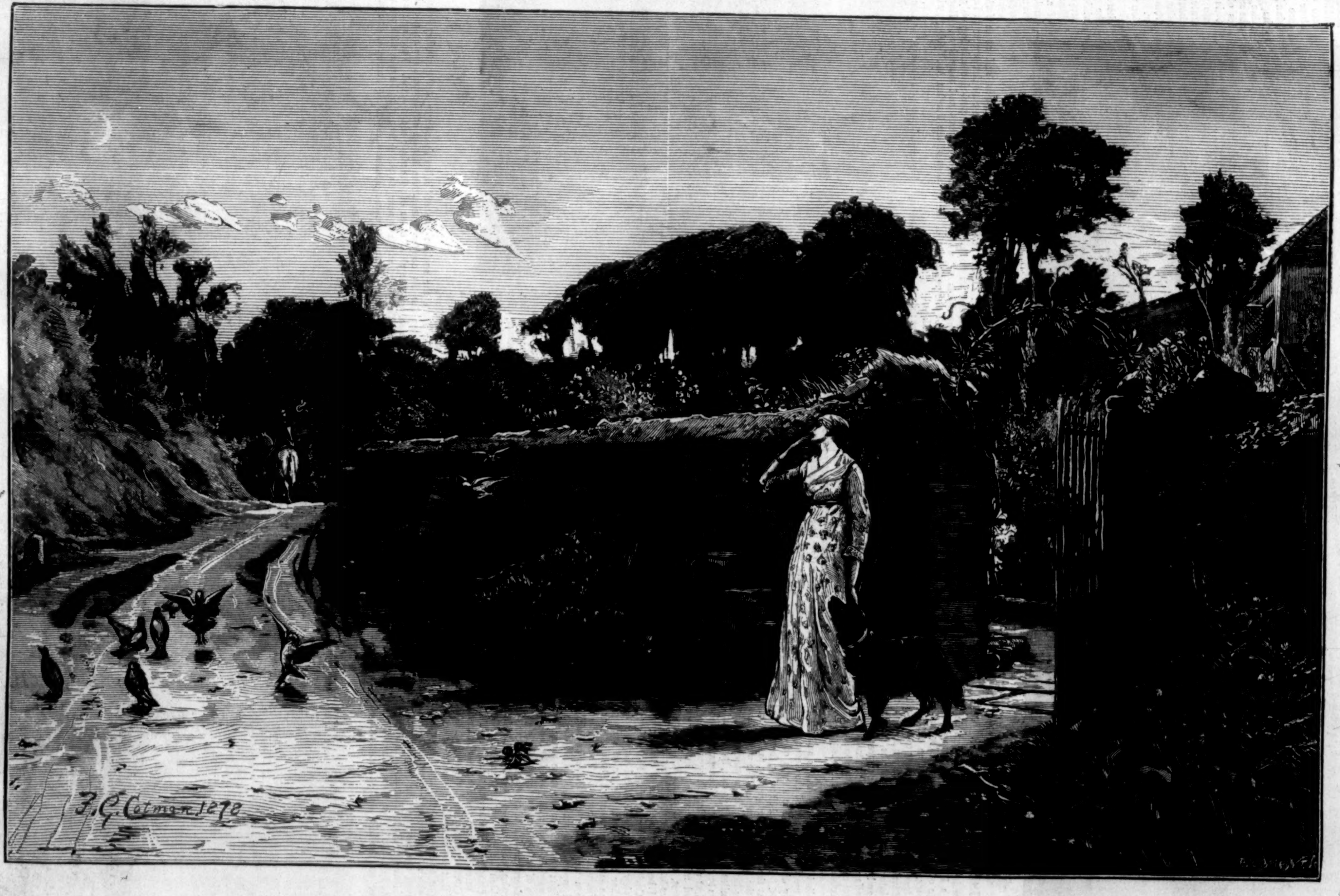
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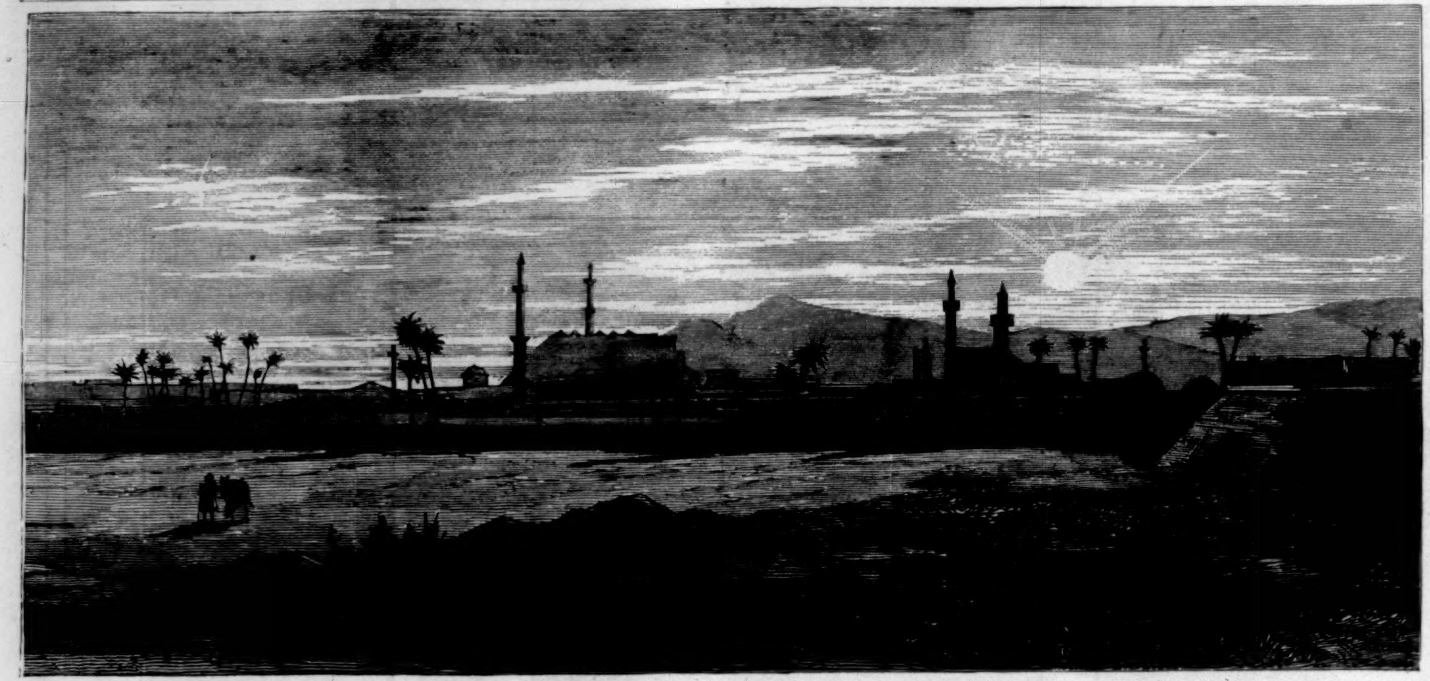

LEFKOSIA, OR NICOSIA, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND.

THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

THE conversion of Cyprus from a Moslem dependency to a British military post, accomplished by a stroke of diplomacy such as has few parallels in history, has made that island an object of greater interest than usually attaches to a remote point of land in a foreign sea. Even Americans, whose interest in European politics is apt to be slight, and who have but little appreciation of dazzling effects in the way of statecraft, can not fail to feel more or less curiosity about England's new accession, and the use it is likely to be to her.

Cyprus, called by the Turks *Kebris*, is an island lying in the northeast corner of the Levant, and about equally distant from the shores of Cilicia and Phœnicia. Its length is 140 miles, from Cape St. Andrea, at the northeast extremity, to Cape St. Epiphanias, the ancient Acamas, at the west. Its greatest breadth, which is in the western part, is about fifty miles from north to south, but it gradually narrows toward the east. The area is roughly estimated at about 4500 English square miles. The principal mountain ranges are in the west and southwest, the highest point being Mount Olympus (Trodos or Troödos), 6590 feet in height, and situated between the towns of Soli, on the north, and Curium, on the south. From Mount Olympus a view of the whole island may be obtained. Either on this mountain, or on a promontory of the same name situated elsewhere, the Temple of Venus Acræa once stood. To that temple no women were admitted. Next in height to Mount Olympus is Mount Adelphi (Maschera), 5380 feet high; and still in the same range, but farther eastward, is a hill rising to 4730 feet, the ancient name of which is not determined.

In the western portion of this range, near the town of Larnica, we have the Mount of the Holy Cross, of which we give an illustration. Here the ancient Temple of Jupiter was situated. This temple was in ruins when the Empress HELENA, mother of CONSTANTINE, visited Cyprus. Tradition asserts that she caused a chapel to be erected on the spot, and deposited in it a fragment of the cross, which she brought from Jerusalem. This has given the mountain its present name. The English traveller JOHN LOCKE asserts that he saw the relic in 1553. There is a ruined Greek convent now on the hill, and on the northern slope a similar institution, dedicated to St. BARBARA. The northern coast of Cyprus is mountainous along its whole extent, but the highest points do not exceed 3500 feet, neither are they made remarkable in any manner by tradition or early history. The whole island only contains two plains of any magnitude. The largest of these begins at the city of Salamis, on the eastern side of the island, and extends westward to the city of Tamasus; the other, which also extends westward, begins at the town of Citium, and stretches inland to the southern slopes of Mount Olympus. The first of these plains, whose fertility has always been remarkable, was formerly called Messaræa, and was watered by the Pedæus; the other, no less fertile, was watered by the Tretus.

Cyprus was well known to the ancients, and has been frequently described by classical writers. STRABO gives the following enumeration of the cities of the island in his time: On the north coast, east of Cape Acamas, were Arsinoe, Soli, with a harbor, founded by PHALERUS and ACAMAS, of Athens; Limenia, inland; then, east of Cape Crommyon, Lapathus, built by the Lacedæmonians; next, Agidus, Aphrodisium, and Carpasia. Facing the cape where stands Mount Olympus are two small islands called Cleides, or the keys of Cyprus. Turning thence toward the south was Salamis, at the mouth of the Pedæus, one of the principal cities of the island, and said to have been built by TEUCER, an emigrant from the island of Salamis. Proceeding southward was another Arsinoe, with a port; next came Leucolia, near Cape Pedalium—a lofty table-land called the Table of Venus. West of Pedalium was Citium, with a harbor that could be closed. Citium was a large town, and the birth-place of ZENO the Stoic. From Citium to Berytus, in Syria, the distance was 1500 stadia. West of Citium was Amathus. Again sailing round Cape Curias, to the west was the town of Curium, with a port built by the Argivi. Here the coast turns to the northwest, looking toward Rhodes, and had the towns of Treeta, Boosoura, and Old Paphos; then Cape Zephyrium. Next to it was another Arsinoe, with a port, a temple, and a sacred grove; and New Paphos, built by AGAPENOR, sixty stadia by land from Old Paphos.

Most of the above towns, and others which STRABO does not mention, have long since disappeared. Of those that remain, Lefkosia, now called Nicosia, is perhaps the most important, being the capital of the island. It lies in a plain surrounded by mountains, and its population is estimated at 16,000, two-thirds of whom are Christians. Lefkosia was the residence of the kings of Cyprus of the LUSIGNAN dynasty, and was at that time much larger than it is at present; the Venetians destroyed a part of it to strengthen the remainder. It is about three miles in circumference. The Church of St. Sophia, a fine Gothic building, is now converted into a mosque; the monuments that remain in it are sadly mutilated. There is, however, a fine bazar and several silk factories; but the streets are narrow, badly paved, and extremely dirty. The seraglio, where the Turkish pashas have been wont to reside, is a huge quadrangular building, two stories high, in sad want of repair, with a large court-yard, inclosed by a wall twenty-five feet high. This was also the palace of the Venetian governors of Cyprus, and probably served in former times as the royal residence of the LUSIGNAN kings. The ground-floor has of late been used as a prison, and was made to contain, by dint of close packing, as many as a thousand convicts, guarded by a strong force of police. Famagusta, an ancient city, of which an illustration was given in a recent number of the *Weekly*, together with a descriptive article, is situated on the southeast coast of Cyprus, a few miles south of old Salamis, and not far from the ancient site of Tamasus, once famous for its copper mines. These two, with Larnica, are the chief cities of the Cyprus of to-day. The latter, which is near the site of ancient Citium, and derives its name from the tombs upon which it is partly built, is the most thriving place on the island, and the chief seat of trade.

Larnica is a modern town, and has sprung into existence since the capture of the island by the Turks. Like some of the ancient cities of Cyprus, it is divided into two separate districts about twenty minutes' walk from each other. The portion which lies along the sea-shore is called the Marmà, while Larnica proper is about three-quarters of a mile inland. This town has always been the residence of the European consuls, and some forty or fifty years ago all the consulates were in Larnica, the Marmà at that period consisting only of a few scattered houses and magazines. But since the pirates of the Grecian Archipelago, who used to infest the shores of Cyprus, have ceased to exist, the Marmà has become the commercial centre of the whole of the island. The shore is now covered to the extent of half a mile with private dwelling-houses, and possesses an extensive bazar and several churches and mo

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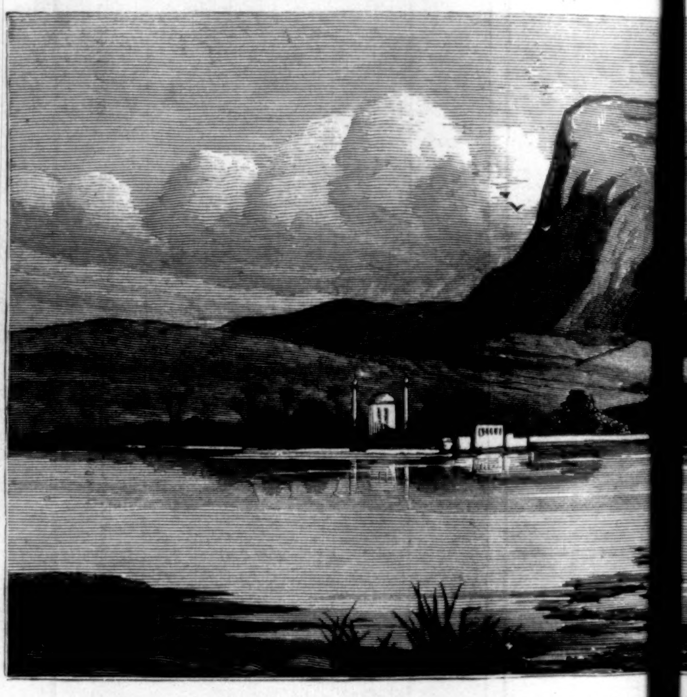

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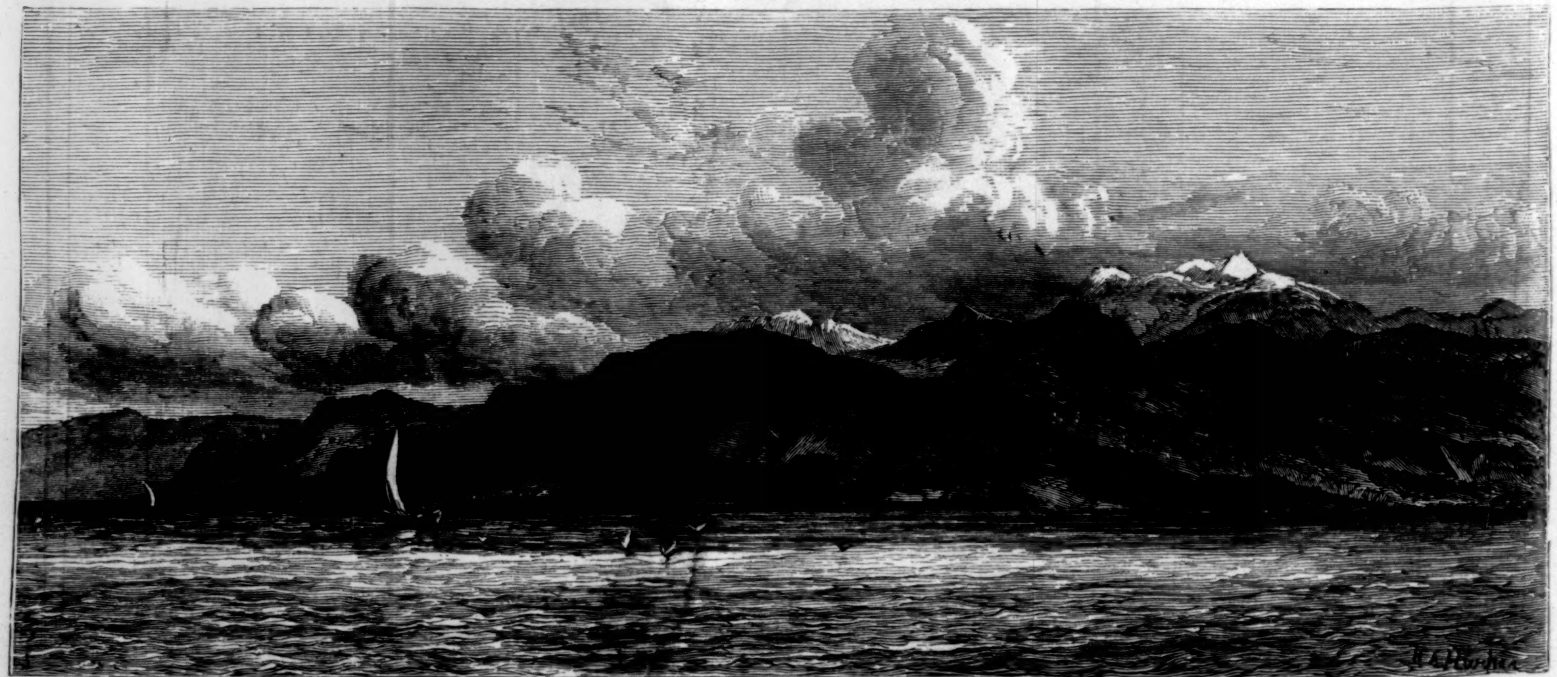

VIEW ON THE SOUTHEAST COAST.

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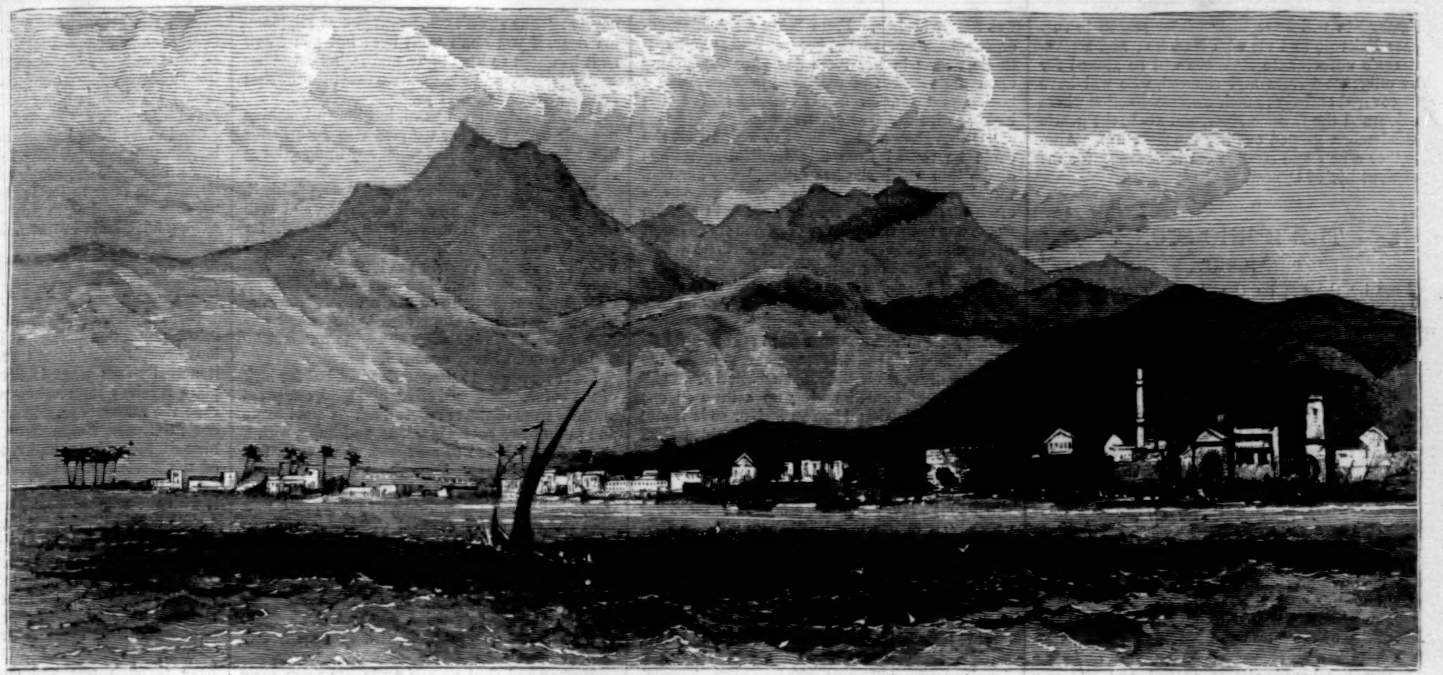

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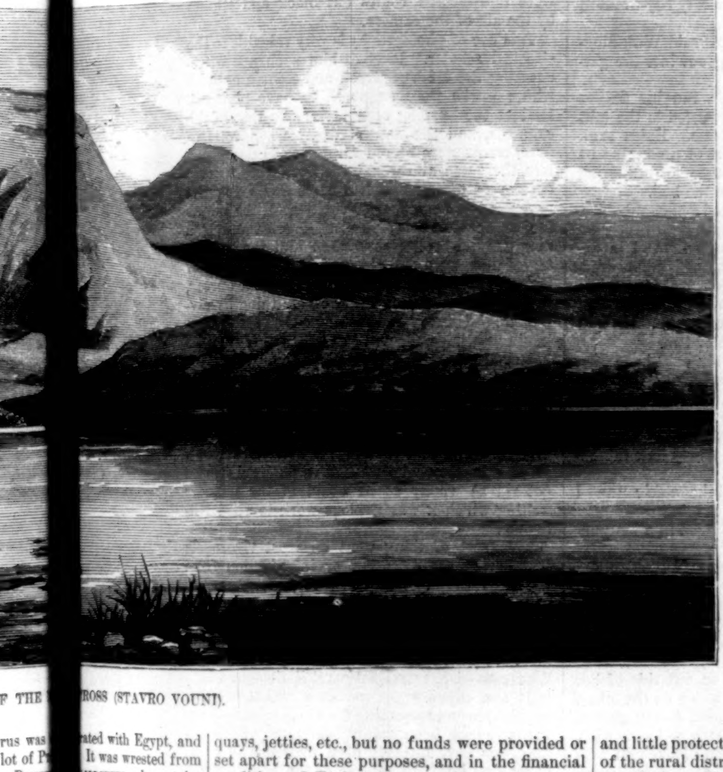

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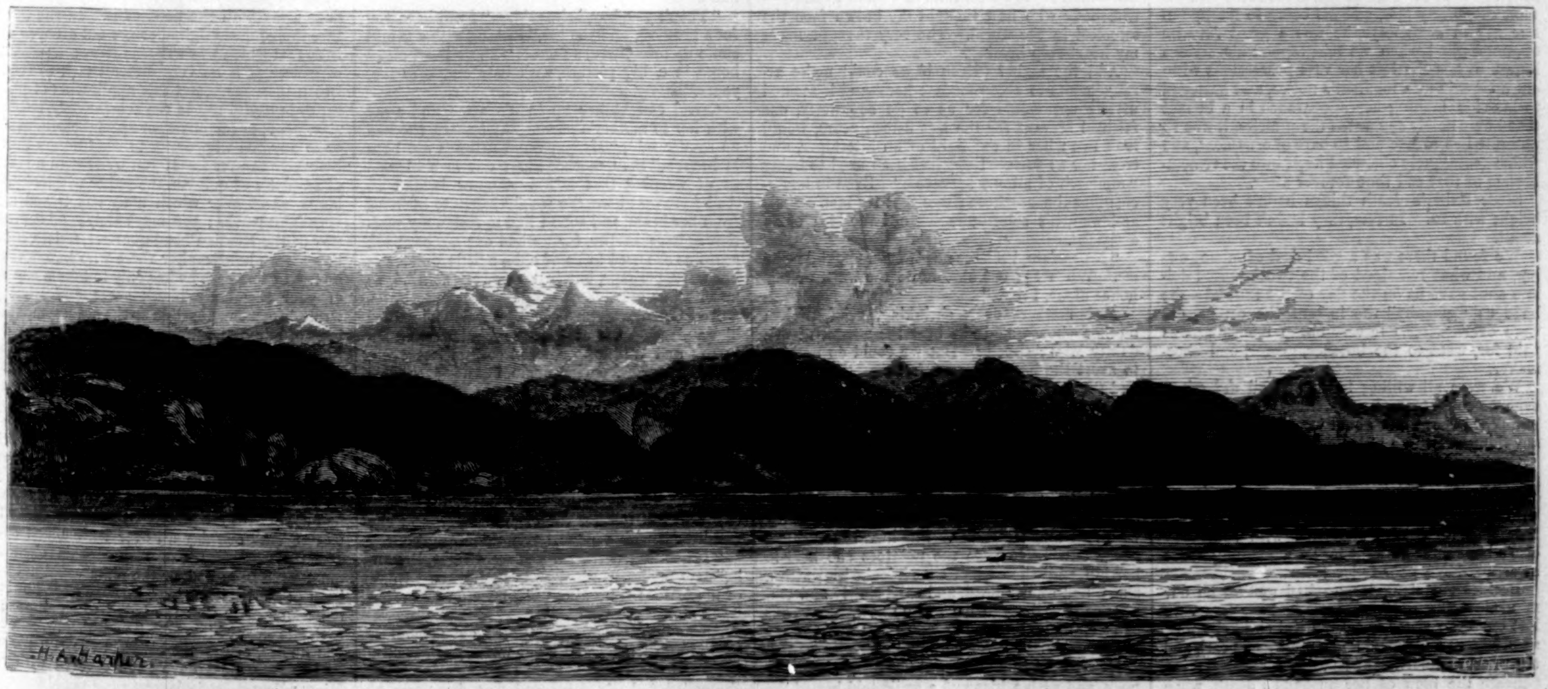
mates the number is less than 200,000. Many parts of the island formerly healthy and fertile are now, from malaria and other causes, barren and uninhabitable. The trade of Cyprus, which was at one time valuable and important, became utterly insignificant. No pains were taken to preserve the prosperity of the island, which speedily assumed an appearance of decadence and neglect. Two years ago Acting Consul Riddell, in a report to the English government, stated that he had no public works to record as either begun or ended. The shipping ports continued in the same state of neglect and dilapidation as was depicted in a previous year's report. Vizierial orders to provincial governors had not been wanting, enjoining the construction of roads, quays, jetties, etc., but no funds were provided or set apart for these purposes, and in the financial condition of Turkey it was vain to expect expenditure on any useful public works, there being an endless pressure for money and a continual drain of every available penny from the provincial treasuries. The net revenue of Cyprus in the financial year ending in March, 1876, was computed at over 20,000,000 pias, all of which was drained from the island to help imperial necessities at the capital. The promulgation of the recent firman of reforms had in no way attracted the confidence or enthusiasm of the people, and it would probably, like its numerous predecessors, remain practically a dead letter. The consul added that it might be reasonably doubted whether the provincial governors and local courts were sufficiently intelligent to put in force or to comprehend its provisions, and that some of its enactments were at such variance with Mohammedan ethics that they could hardly be expected to be enforced or recognized by consistent Mohammedans. Early in last year Acting Consul Pierides reported again that no public works had been undertaken, and the want of bridges, roads, and jetties was seriously felt. Nothing was expended to improve the means of communication between the interior and the shipping ports. The firman about reforms, read in Cyprus after the accession of Sultan Murad, remained a dead letter, and but little hope was placed in the working of the constitution. The local tribunals still refused to admit Christian evidence in cases in which Mussulmans are concerned. The vexations of the zaptiehs in the villages for the exaction of taxes had not at all ceased, and little protection was secured to the inhabitants of the rural districts. The English sovereign was at 157 pias. The issue of caimé, or paper money, would further raise the prices of coins, to the manifest prejudice of commerce, and would give rise to many disputes in the settlement of old debts. The year's imports and exports of Cyprus are estimated in Mr. Riddell's report as amounting together to over $2,000,000.

There can be no question that the decadence of Cyprus has resulted simply from Turkish misrule. The island grew rich under the Phœnicians and Greeks, and under the Ptolemies and Roman proconsuls and emperors; Byzantine maladministration could not impoverish it; it flourished under the crusading barons, and boasted cities with 300 churches and innumerable palaces during the eighty years of Venetian sovereignty. There is no reason why something of its former prosperity should not return under the righteous government of a Christian nation. England has certainly undertaken a great responsibility in appropriating to herself this neglected isle in the Eastern Mediterranean, but the returns she will reap in the future can not fail to prove an abundant compensation for all present outlay. As a field for European enterprise and European capital Cyprus holds out many inducements. A glance even at the statistics of her commerce will show the varied nature of the articles the island produces. Among its exports are raw cotton, wool, salt, dyes, silk, oil seeds, wine, locust beans, hides, dried fruit, wheat, and barley; while its imports include, as the larger items, cotton, woolen, and leather goods, tobacco, sugar, coffee, salt fish, rice, butter, hardware, iron, spirits, soap, and glass.

To the emigrant farmer Cyprus offers special attractions. "Perfect security to life and property," says the English consul, Mr. Lang, "is an advantage possessed to a greater degree in this island than in any part of Turkey. The land is all for sale, and at most moderate rates." One drawback may be found, however, in the unequal nature of the climate. It sometimes happens that one year will be remarkable for a torrent of rain forty days together, and the next memorable for drought. This is a fact against the farmer; but for such extremes of the season nature has provided a compensation in providing the island with such differences of temperature and such varieties of soil that in no year, even though it be marked by local floods or partial droughts, does the average production of the whole island suffer. Thus when in 1871 the cotton crop, owing to the drought, fell off some sixty per cent. in the field as compared with that of 1870, the harvest from the carob-tree (the locust bean) yielded a larger revenue than in the year before. Indeed, all authorities agree that the soil of Cyprus is still an unworked mine, and that capital invested in agricultural enterprise can not fail to yield a handsome return. Among the other sources of local revenue, the salt fields deserve a passing notice. Thirty years ago those of Larnica were leased for $2000, but in 1871 they produced a clear revenue of $100,000. Nor does this last amount represent the profit which might be realized from this property, for the supply of salt—we give the word of local authority—is "unlimited," and, in spite of the unfortunate fiscal policy of the Turkish government, the trade continues to increase.

The occupation of Cyprus by the English has followed rapidly upon the ratification of the convention which ceded it to that power. On the morning of Monday, July 22, Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, the new British administrator, arrived at Larnica in the transport-ship *Himalaya* with his staff and a portion of the troops at his command. The British naval squadron, consisting of the *Minotaur*, the *Black Prince*, the *Salamis*, the *Monarch*, and the *Invincible*, saluted his Excellency on entering the harbor. On the 23d a proclamation was issued in English, Turkish, and Greek. This document sets forth the Queen's great interest in the prosperity of the inhabitants of Cyprus, and promises that measures will be devised to promote commerce and agriculture and the blessings of freedom and justice. Again, the proclamation urges that regard will be had for the moral and material welfare of the people, and attention paid to their wishes respecting ancient customs as far as is consistent with civilization and liberty, which must always be upheld by those who govern in her Majesty's name. Already we learn that the island is filling up with emigrants from Malta, Syra, and Alexandria. Soon the English farmer will make his way thither, and after him will follow hosts of representatives of our modern civilization. The indefatigable Cook will undoubtedly organize excursions to Cyprus, bankers will open agencies for the benefit of travellers, and archæologists will follow up the paths indicated by General Cesnola. Maltese and Italians will establish hotels in cities where General Cesnola declares "no hotels of any description exist." Larnica and Paphos and



VIEW ON THE WEST COAST.

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